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MEMOIR

OF

MRS MARTHA INNES,

EDINBURGH;

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY AND LETTERS.

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY HER HUSBAND.

"Insatiate Archer! could not one suffice?"—*Young.*

LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO.
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INTRODUCTION.

WHEN the writer of the biographical portion of those pages first engaged in the perusal of the "Diary,"—after the occurrence of the sad event that deprived him of his dearest earthly companion,—the publication of any part of it was quite foreign to his intention. Though aware that the subject of the following sketch was occasionally in the practice of noting down thoughts that occurred to her, illustrative of her religious experience, he was not prepared to find so large a portion of M.S. as was discovered in her repositories. While reading it, his mind became impressed with the conviction that many parts of the exercises contained in the papers before him, were superior in point of interest, and more fitted to be useful, than much that issues from the press bearing the character of religious biography. Fearing, at the same time, that partiality biassed his judgment, it was not till he consulted friends more competent than himself to give an unprejudiced and judicious opinion, that he adopted the resolution of submitting to the public a selection from the Diary.

The author is aware, that by some it is deemed a

violation of confidence for surviving friends to give to the world what was evidently never designed for public inspection ; but when he takes into account, that very many of the dear children of God have declared themselves to have often been excited to duty, and strengthened for trial, by the perusal of religious biography, and that this volume may fall into the hands of some, whose trials may be similar in kind to those described, he does not feel at liberty to withhold what may be termed so signal an instance of the teaching of the Divine Spirit. And if one of the family of God shall be aided in his, or her, course Zionward, or one careless sinner led to serious thought, the labour will not have been in vain.

On one point the writer has felt much at a loss. Had he consulted his own inclination, he would have excluded as far as possible any reference to himself, involving matters of domestic interest. But in acting on this plan, he must have omitted much that was highly instructive and exemplary, in depicting her habits of thought and feeling as a wife. He would thus have been doing less than justice to the memory of one, of whose conduct in that important relation he desires to convey some idea (though a very inadequate one), and of whom the only opinion he could express, must be withheld, lest it should wear the aspect of fulsome panegyric. Several passages—which, from the self-devotement of character they exhibit, could not fail to awaken a chord of sympathy in every generous mind—have been most unwillingly excluded, as being of too private and sacred a nature to be exposed to any eye but that of

intimate and endeared friendship. Many to whom she was but slightly known, and who formed their opinion of her character from her natural reserve and quiet deportment, will be surprised to find that there existed an under current of strong feeling, whether displayed in communion with her God, or in the less exalted, but not less divinely sanctioned, enjoyments of social and domestic life.

The author has a mournful satisfaction in adding the testimony of some valued friends, who knew and appreciated the subject of those pages, and is unwilling to close this prefatory notice, without expressing the obligation he feels for the favour (superadded to many previous ones) of a notice from one who had ample opportunity of forming a judgment of his lamented partner, on whose *faith* her *life* may be considered as the best comment. He had requested Dr Beilby, whom she had long regarded as a beloved and attached friend, to furnish him with any information which his observation, during her last hours, might enable him to supply. But, as he remarked, she had, from the nature of her illness, spoken but little ; and from the almost suddenness of the final change, not as in the immediate prospect of death, until within a very short time of her losing the power of speech. Of the little she did say, some remembrance has been preserved in a letter written to an endeared relative. (See page 201.) The sketch of her character given by Dr Beilby—a highly esteemed friend of the family—will be received with less distrust, than if it had been drawn by one more nearly connected with her.

In preparing those pages for the press, the writer has found himself placed in unfavourable circumstances for supplying such additional information as might be desirable in the *first* part of the volume, from his being unacquainted with the subject of this Memoir, when the earlier portion of the Diary was written. This inability is the less to be regretted, as,—from her habit of viewing every incident in her earthly life, as bearing upon her advancement in the Divine life,—there will be found in the Diary a tolerably circumstantial record of the transition steps of her uneventful,—but perhaps not uninteresting history.

It is more than probable that occasional carelessness in composition, in what was intended as a record of private experience and feelings, will be detected by the critical reader. As for the biographer's share of the following pages, it may perhaps be admitted in part as an excuse for their many imperfections, that his portion of the labour was accomplished amidst much interruption, chiefly during the occasional intervals of business hours.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Page

Parentage and Early Life—Residence in Shetland—Change of Views on Religion—Commencement of Diary—Return to Hull, ... 13

CHAPTER II.

Death of her Father—Prospect of Leaving Home—Extract from "The Mothers of England"—Engagement in Labours of Benevolence—Remarks on the Approach of the Cholera—National Sins—Leaves Home for Edinburgh—Letter stating Change in her Opinions—Union to Elder Street Church—Residence at Woodburn—Anxiety respecting her Sister, ... 24

CHAPTER III.

Diary—Retrospection—Remarks on Christian Consistency and on Preparation for Death—Letter of the late Rev. John Brown, Haddington—Interview with an impenitent Sinner—Humiliation for Sin, ... 60

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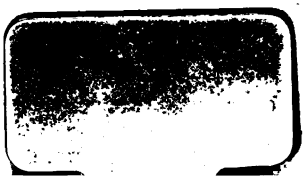

MEMOIR AND DIARY.

CHAPTER I.

"I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her."—HOSEA II. 14.

THE object of the writer being not the composition of an elaborate memoir, but merely the introduction of such connecting links as shall make the Diary intelligible, he deems it unnecessary to give more than a passing notice of the early history of the subject of this biographical sketch.

Martha, the eldest daughter of Mr Magnus Fea, merchant, Hull, and of Mrs Ann King, was born about the beginning of the present century, and, when about seven years old, was deprived by death of the benefit of a mother's care. This deprivation was compensated in a great measure by the tender regard of her paternal aunt, who still survives, and of whom she often used to speak as "a second mother." Her early years were spent in the vicinity of Hull, in the usual amusements and avocations of childhood and youth; and though amiable and correct in her external deportment, we learn from her own statement, that it was not till a part of the family went to reside in Shetland, in the

year 1823, that she saw her lost condition as a sinner, and was enabled to flee for refuge to the great atonement. The instrumental means of this decided change were the preaching of the gospel and personal intercourse with several godly ministers, particularly Mr Turnbull of Tingwall, and Mr Stark of Dunrossness, both of the church of Scotland. In a note pencilled on a blank leaf of her Bible, dated several years after, reference is made to the benefit derived from the ministrations of the latter, it is as follows:—"O, what an hospital of poor sin-deluded souls is this lower world! what misery on every side! When will the vail be removed,—Lord, how long? Bless, oh, bless the God of the covenant of redemption through a Saviour, that some few are snatched as brands from the burning; and what shall I say for the hope that sovereign mercy has stopt me in my mad career, and revealed in my soul his dear Son. The more I know of my wretched alienation of heart from God, and the more I see of what the fall has done around me, so much the more do I feel my obligation to the God of my mercies, and, under Him, to him who was first directed to point my soul to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. I never felt my obligation to my Father in Christ so much as I do now in the midst of the many opinions agitating on every side. I feel the benefit of the clear decided manner in which dear Mr Stark opened up the word of inspiration in doctrine, experience, and practice. May his labours be greatly blessed, and may he have many for a crown of rejoicing when he enters into the joy of his Lord."

In this volume there will be found comparatively little variety of incident, the object of the biographer being to show from the materials before him, what

was obvious to those who witnessed her every-day life and conversation, how remarkably affliction was made subservient in the hand of the all-wise and all-gracious disposer of events, in producing a cheerful submission, and increasing sanctification of heart and life, during the later years of her sojourn on earth. It seems impossible for the child of God to peruse even a few of those pages without coveting to attain that perfect confidence in the wisdom and goodness of God, in the most trying dispensations of his providence, at which she so anxiously (may we not say successfully) aimed, and which can only proceed from the blending of filial love and holy fear in the heart of the believer.

While still in Shetland the earlier pages of her diary were written. Her reasons for engaging in this exercise are thus stated in the first portion of it.

DIARY,

FOR PERSONAL HUMILIATION, AND A MEANS OF EXCITING TO CONSTANT SELF-EXAMINATION.

"Between God and my own soul, may I be faithful."

1826.—It has been the practice of many who were followers of the Redeemer to record, for their own spiritual growth, their varied experience.

I dare not rank myself amongst the followers of the Saviour, yet I would desire to be even the meanest disciple in his kingdom. Lord, the power is thine, thou alone canst soften and purify the hard and stony heart; oh, remember thy promises in the Son of thy love, and grant, even to so great a sinner as I am, the blessed in-

fluences of thy Spirit, that I may be enabled to devote myself entirely to thee. May this undertaking be a means of humbling my proud and carnal heart, and of exciting deep and never-ceasing gratitude for all thy mercies. Show me my heart as it is before thee ; may I be faithful in recording my sins, and thy mercies, and do thou bless in this, and every act of my life, to the glory of the blessed Redeemer, and the sanctification of my soul.

September 30th.—My mind too insensible to heavenly things ; how disinclined to think or to speak of the Saviour. Lord, pardon my ingratitude ; what a happy family circle would ours be, were our ruling theme the blessed Redeemer. Oh! thou purifier of the heart, preserve us from vain and unprofitable conversation. Show me to myself as I am before thee. In every thought I sin, and yet I feel not the burden. Felt my temper roused by a trifle, and inclined to think uncharitably of the offender. Oh ! may I be enabled by the Spirit of grace to subdue my unruly passions, and cultivate a temper of meekness and love.

Gave several tracts to the poor ; what was the motive ? Alas, my sinful heart ! sometimes I would hope it arose from love to the Saviour and the souls of men ; at other times the act, however good in itself, is clouded with the dread that self has too large a share, —yes, pride and vain glory. Gracious Lord, cleanse my polluted heart,—crucify that worst of idols, self, and fix my whole affections on thee. Enable me to prepare for a spiritual observance of thy holy day. Oh ! send me refreshings from the fountain of living waters ; sinful as I am in thy sight, the Saviour is all-sufficient ; look to *him*, and bless me, even me, with faith in his mediation, and thy glorious promises.

October 1*st.*—Lord bless him who broke the bread of life to us. May we bless thee for such an instrument to rouse our careless souls; let it not be to our condemnation that light is sown in darkness, but may he have many for a crown of rejoicing when thou comest to call thy saints. Went to visit M—— P——; found her very ill, and, to human appearance, fast approaching an eternal state. Seemed much distressed in mind. May the physician of souls visit her, and show her an interest in the Redeemer. Lord, may my own soul be instructed; and give me to perform every work from love to thee. Oh! how I fear lest any other feeling should influence me to do any thing contained in thy word; but suffer not this doubt (which sometimes I fancy a suggestion of Satan to destroy my hope in thee), to retard my steps where thou dost command.

December 27*th.*—Felt the workings of discontent and anger still in my mind on rising this morning, on account of some unjust accusations respecting the motives that influenced some part of my spiritual conduct. Lord pardon this my rejecting of the way which thou hast said leads to thee. Oh that I could receive such reproof as from thee, from thy hand. I have reason to humble myself in the dust before thee, even in this particular. Thou knowest my treacherous heart, and often when I would obey thee, the desire has no sooner appeared than impure motives have arisen to blast the blessed fruits.

Felt better disposed for private devotion than could be expected from my sinful state of mind. O Lord, how tender and merciful thou art. Blot out this my transgression. Enable me to look to all around as instruments in thy hand to reprove and show me myself, and still let me love the instrument. Bless them, and bring them

to a knowledge of the Saviour. Take their hearts from this sinful world, and make them see that the spirit and the flesh cannot agree—that their all must be thine, or thou wilt not accept them.

1827. *August 23d.*—Arose early in order to devote a little time to noticing the Lord's dealings with my ungrateful heart. Felt most anxious for some time to resume this beneficial exercise, and now that the Lord has opened a way, may he excite my mind to seize every opportunity, and may he remove every obstacle. After all my anxiety how backward to proceed, and how darkened my mind. Oh the devices of Satan to keep us from any means that may show us our own hearts or draw us nearer to the Lord!

26th, Sabbath.—O, how insensible was my mind on rising to the return of this important morning. How cold my thoughts of him whom angels are adoring for the work finished on this day! Entreated of the Lord faith in his promised aid, for his quickening influences to rouse my drowsy soul, and blessed be his holy name —surely I do not deceive myself when I think that he did enable me so to ask, as that he heard and answered my prayer.

Heard the love of God beautifully illustrated. Lord, do I love thee? I dare not say I do, and yet I think I do love Jesus, else why this glow—this warmth at his name? Lord, enlighten my darkness, for I know not what I am; and leave me not to my own way, but shed abroad thy love in my heart, then shall I be constrained to say, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." O, my God! in mercy leave me not to a self-deluded frame of mind. If I am deceiving myself take away the vail from before my eyes, and reveal to my perishing soul the truth, the blessed truth as it is in

Jesus. How many have sat under the sound of the gospel this day, and how have we improved these privileges? I fear many have heard in vain, and even the professed disciples of Jesus,—O, how luke-warm! Lord, send a revival amongst thy people. Enlighten the dark minds of many in this land; show them the brink of that pit on which they stand, and *compel* them to flee to thee for their lives. Pardon, merciful God, our past abuse of thy mercies, and meet us not with the wrath we deserve.

28*th*.—* * * It is true the Saviour is able and willing to save from all iniquity, but oh give me such a view of sin that I may loathe myself in the dust before thee, and tremble lest thou shouldst demand from me the rags of my own righteousness.

Some time after this the family returned to Hull. She, however, always continued to feel a warm interest in the land of her spiritual birth. In the close of the year 1838, information by letter from Shetland reached her, that, from the failure of the herring fishing and other causes, many families were reduced to a state of destitution. With the aid of a few friends, the sum of about L.80 was raised, which she employed in the purchase of blankets, clothing, &c. The articles were forwarded to friends upon the spot, who expressed much satisfaction in being able by this means to alleviate the miseries of the most necessitous.

DIARY.

1829. *Hull, April 2d*.—How astonishing, and how deeply to be lamented, that travellers Zionward should so often meet, and not a word of their eternal home,—

not a word of that Saviour they profess to pant after, and not a word of comfort, exhortation, or reproof to their fellow pilgrims. Lord quicken our cold hearts.

Got the loan of two excellent books, "Mrs S. Huntingdon's Letters," and the "Memoirs of a Gentleman." May the bright example of these departed saints of God be blessed as a means of animating us to press forward to the mark for the same prize, for which they ran, and the full possession of which they now enjoy with the redeemed in glory. But we have great cause of fearfulness whilst reading these records and enjoying these means of instruction in the divine life; I know how ready the mind is to catch the ideas, nay, to fall in with the very expressions of others, whilst he heart is the same as before. Alas! I have reason to be deeply humbled for this inclination. Lord, guard my deceitful heart from this delusive error. How much vain glory do I find in myself. Even in my very desires to be a follower of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises; how little, if any, disinterested love to the Saviour, and how much exalting of that bitter enemy, self.

23*d*.—Felt much burdened this morning on account of my insensibility to the perishing souls of my fellow men. Surely I do not feel the value of my own, that I cry *so feebly* and so seldom on behalf of others. Can the love of Christ constrain me, he whose love passeth knowledge? O Lord, inflame this cold heart of mine. Souls are passing into eternity,—time will soon be no more. I desire to set apart a small portion of time daily for drawing near to a throne of grace on behalf of those very near and very dear to me; if domestic concerns do not prevent me. O Lord, who encouragest poor nner s to ask for themselves and others, give me grace

and strength to approach in the way thou hast appointed, oh influence me to every duty under a sense of redeeming love.

August.—O, my God! what is it that overwhelms my soul, when I contemplate the iniquity that rages around me? Is it a concern for the perishing souls of those who are running headlong with desperate haste to perdition? I would sink at thy feet, and, on their behalf, cry for mercy. Oh! the depths of sin I have lately been called to hear of, and, in some measure, to witness! I feel the very air I breathe tainted with iniquity; the burden is great. Poor wretched fellow sinners, will ye not pity yourselves? No, no! an arm of infinite power must save from the depths of hell,—and is that arm shortened? Does a God of love feel less for perishing sinners than they feel for each other? Forbid the thought. Lord, thou dost look down in mercy; a Saviour is freely offered, nay, pressed, upon a guilty world, but they will not be saved.

I tremble for myself. Oh, for more faith! I see the same in my own heart as in the most polluted. Were the Lord to leave me, what should I be better than they? My soul, look not to thyself, or thou must perish, but look to a conquering risen Saviour. Oh, the riches of divine grace! Be humbled and mourn, be watchful, and pray without ceasing, but rejoice, take comfort, and lean in stedfast faith on an infinite salvation.

September.—Felt my mind much distressed with difficulty in many respects. Oh, my God! sanctify every trial. My soul would bless thee for every suffering through which I have passed, not one too protracted or one too many,—rather, how wonderfully have I been delivered, and how sweetly comforted under them. I have been inclined to say, "*Here would I*

rest, even in the deep waters." It is the road to glory—the Saviour passed before us, and do I shrink? I hope not. The flesh rebels, it groans, but O compassionate Saviour, *hear not its murmurs;* subdue it by thy power, *withhold not thy rod,*—spare not the purifying furnace as far as thou seest needful. I seek not exemption, but *I plead for thy promised strength.* Oh! grant me resignation.

October.—* * * Holiness of life and conversation wrought in us (and a part of the blessings purchased by divine blood for us), is an evidence of a union with Christ, our living head; but I venture, humbly, to conceive, that the question to be determined as to any one's interest in the covenant does not so much, or at all times, depend on being able to answer in the affirmative, the question, "Are you holy?"—as, "do you desire to be so?" Are you willing to be nothing, that Christ may be all in all,—his cross your glory, his righteousness your refuge? Do you feel his service perfect freedom, and do you thirst for the living God, for larger supplies of the refreshings that come from his presence,—for communion with a holy but *incarnate* God? These appear to be the breathings of the spirit,—the spirit of adoption. But if we cannot see these marks so evident as we wish, we are called upon to another act of faith, a direct act,—I mean the exercise of faith in the offers of a free, a full salvation. Though unclean to the present moment, we may still come,—all things are ready. Christ says there is room, the needy may rejoice, the wretched, naked, and miserable may take refuge in the Rock of ages, the Redeemer's arms are open to receive all that come to him, and his blessed faithful word says, "him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

Mr Knight, assistant minister at St John's, seems to differ from his brethren in Hull; his views appear to me to be in some points those of the Scottish church. I was led by accident, or should I not humbly hope by the Spirit, to hear him; much difficulty had been thrown in the way to a satisfied state of mind under his ministry; but the Lord removed all. He was blessed to my soul. I felt a freedom I had not experienced in Hull before; it was food on which I had been accustomed to feed; my heavy heart was enabled to rejoice. I still rejoice and feel refreshed, when I look back to that period. I seemed to enjoy the bright beams of the sun of righteousness after a night of darkness, anxiety, and care. Oh! what cause have I had to lie low in the dust before the Lord; what claim has he upon my worthless heart, yea, upon every thought, every power, every desire of it.

CHAPTER II.

"Seek the true treasure seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.
"Whate'er thy lot—where'er thou be—
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod;
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God."

Montgomery.

DIARY.

1830. *September.*—Since last writing in this diary, how varied has been the state of my mind, and how many appeals have I had to my wayward heart, to fix its resting-place wholly in the Lord. Yes, many slight strokes of the divine rod were laid on; but I continued to travel lightly and securely through the wilderness. I had begun to lose a sense of the dangers, the thorns, and briars of the way. Many were the manifestations of tender compassion and care,—often my aching heart had been permitted to lay its sorrows at the feet of my Saviour; at such times I could say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none in all the earth I desire besides thee." After such blessed seasons, many and precious, I thought victory almost complete. One thing I seemed assured of, that no earthly tie remained sufficiently strong to bind my heart to these sublunary things. But, O, my God! thou knewest

every secret spring ; thou hast proved me ; there was a cord that vibrated with every spring of life ; yes, now I find it was so. It is broken. He whose tender love, whose indulgent care, whose watchful eye (a parent's eye), seemed to exist but to make his children happy,—is no more. My beloved father lies silent in the dust. Oh ! is it true we are fatherless,—shall we never more hear the accents of parental solicitude ? —hush, my ungrateful heart, still the Father of the fatherless lives,—already thine own father in Christ Jesus. Does he not love thee better than earthly nature could do, and has he not infinitely exceeded for thee more than its limited powers could accomplish ? Lord, thou wilt forgive the tears of sinful mortals. Thou didst bless, greatly bless us in the dearest, the kindest, of earthly parents ; and may we not feel ? My heart rebels, when I remember my departed father ; but still, let me look to the hand that smites, and casts into the furnace,—blessed be his name. The stroke is heavy, but yet I live in some measure composed. I weep—our compassionate Saviour permits us to do so ; he wept, and has a sympathizing feeling in our sufferings, he is the God of consolation, his comforts within refresh my soul. I can say, " the will of the Lord be done."

12*th*.—My time is so engaged, from the peculiar circumstances in which we are placed, that I cannot wait to collect my thoughts, and am obliged to snatch the few moments I devote to this, from the time which I have before breakfast, for the study of the blessed word, and communion with its blessed Author. Pause, my soul !—a worm and a being of yesterday to speak of intercourse with the Lord of Hosts ! What ground have I for such an assertion ? Lord, pardon the

presumption (if it may be called so) of a heart unworthy to love thee, and lips unworthy to utter the praises of thy glorious name. Lord, it is of thy mercy that I am not consumed. But the feeling sense of thy unceasing care, going before, following, and surrounding my path, as I exist from day to day, and holding me up, so that I still feel a small measure of the power of *faith* within ; these things encourage me to set to my seal that God is true. I look to the word of salvation ; I see the character of Omniscience drawn in the endearing attributes of Father, Friend, and Saviour. I read that though he be high, yet he hath respect unto the lowly. In Christ his people are lovely, they are brought nigh by the blood of Christ. He delights to bless them ; he delights to dwell with them. Then may I not take encouragement,—may I not lift up my voice and rejoice ? Oh, my soul ! wonder and adore, but refuse not as thou art wont to do, to acknowledge the gifts of the grace of God so freely given to thee. Oh ! encourage the witnessing of the blessed Spirit to thy relationship to a heavenly Father. Lord, pardon, oh pardon, my unbelief. Thou hast blessed me with a sweet peace pervading my mind. I can say, I dare say, my beloved is mine, and I am his. I feel there is now no condemnation ; in the Lord I have righteousness and strength. " I know in whom I have believed," and I am sure he will perfect that which concerneth me.

29*th*.—I find the plan of noting down the dealings of the Lord with his people an excellent one for quickening the memory, and helping it to treasure up the innumerable mercies of God. What comfort in the hours of darkness to look back to the received testimonies of adoption, and what a picture for humiliation,

if sin be faithfully recorded. Oh Lord, direct my pen, and suppress every feeling, but the desire for entire sanctification. The constant occupation of my mind, in things which in themselves bear relation only to the present time, breaks that stedfast peace and contemplation of eternal things which I long to enjoy. As we view the prospect of going from home as teachers, in order to relieve —— of some part of the anxiety and trouble attending a provision for a family, we feel it our duty to prepare ourselves by study for the faithful discharge of duties which may devolve upon us through life. Oh Lord, my heart rebels ; I feel the burden ; increase my faith. This is not to be our rest. Be thou present with me, and I shall overcome, even to the end. Thou canst make the barren wilderness to blossom as the rose. Though my hands and thoughts be often chained to objects of sense, keep my heart, reign there, exalt my affections, and *let them* be centred in that one object, my adorable Saviour.

The death of her surviving parent, referred to in a former page, was in every sense a painful calamity. Sometime before this sad event, nothing was more unexpected, than the necessity of any of the female members of the family being called to turn to account the liberal education they had received, in the way of providing for their own support. One of those commercial panics which not unfrequently agitate mercantile towns, had shortly before Mr Fea's death entirely altered his pecuniary circumstances, and consequently changed those of the family from independence and comfort, to difficulty and embarrassment. This change of situation, involving, as it did, many painful sacrifices, is feelingly referred to in subsequent passages of the

diary. Before quoting farther, however, we take leave to insert an extract from Mrs Ellis' "Mothers of England," whose remarks on the situation of young females compelled to "go out" are much fitted to correct the mistaken ideas entertained by many on this subject.

"The sufferings of young women thus circumstanced, what pen shall describe! To some of us, the breaking up of a once happy and honourable home would be suffcient, the uprooting of family interests, the severing of family ties, the actual loss to the heart and the affections; to say nothing of the over-esteemed indulgences of artificial life. But when we add to these, the frequently altered behaviour of friends and associates to the young woman who has to *seek a situation*, the loss of caste in society, the remarks which every one then feels at liberty to make upon the previous extravagance of her family, the cold reception of strangers, the doubtful position when placed in an unknown household, and the selfishness of those who, in purchasing industry and talent, expect to purchase kindness of feeling, and identity of interest, as well—when we think how little of either is often shown in return, how often the mother who has engaged a governess for her children, expects that governess to listen with untiring interest to her long details of family matters, while she never makes it her business to ascertain whether the governess has or has not a father or a mother; and when in just glancing at this view of the picture, we know that it presents but the surface of the real situation of many a governess; and that deeper sufferings, and annoyances a hundredfold more trying, lie beneath; it becomes a question of Christian benevolence towards those young women who are under the necessity of

going out, whether we ought not to do something to stem the tide of popular feeling on this particular point, so as to mitigate the hardships of their lot.

"Mothers who have recourse to the assistance of governesses in their families, may certainly do much, by extending towards them something of that maternal care and sympathy which their own children enjoy; and that this is often done with true generosity of feeling, many of those young women who are deprived of the society of their natural protectors have thankfully to acknowledge. But it is not the mere fact of being kindly, or even respectfully treated, at the table of a stranger, which can remedy the evil. There must be a change in public feeling, and a removal of social and individual prejudice on these subjects, before the situation of governesses in general can be rendered anything but miserable; and it is to mothers only that we can appeal on behalf of their own children, if such a lot should ever become theirs,—and on behalf of the children of other families broken up or dispersed,—for commencing with the early training of their daughters a totally different order of thought and feeling on these subjects; and by qualifying them for the efforts they may have to make by the early cultivation of moral courage, based on the strong foundation of religious principle."

DIARY.

November 5th.—O Lord how shall I look up this evening, my heart rebels! Something seems to have overpowered me; scenes *past* and to come rush into my mind. Pardon these tears, pardon the sighs of my heavy heart. Oh my precious, precious Saviour, that heart still looks to thee, cleaves to thee, would rejoice,

yes, rejoice in *those very dispensations*, because they come from thee. But I cannot fully acquiesce, though I do bless thee for all. May these trials be sanctified to us. We are soon to be dispersed, we know not where, in a troublesome, vain, sinful world. May we be led unceasingly to view ourselves as pilgrims, travelling towards home, and look for none but a heavenly one. Oh my God, let none of us be wanting when thou shalt come to make up thy jewels, but may we be united (one in Christ) where parting, and difficulty, and sin, shall be known no more. Soul reviving prospect! Oh, when will mortality be swallowed up of life; when will faith be exchanged for sight, and hope for full fruition?

1831. *March 2d.*—My occupations at present are of such a nature, that my thoughts must be for the time engaged with them, and it seems to throw a darkness around me—the savour of heavenly things is marred—my mind is perplexed—the path of duty often seems difficult—and I fear much, very much, that my deportment is influenced by these conflicting feelings. Yes, it is. How trifling often, how careful, how discontented. Oh my God! what shall I say? I can but hide my guilty head in dust and ashes, and still thou dost not forsake me. Like the seed in the bosom of the earth which vegetates though all be dark and wintry around, *thy work goes on*, for I still would cleave to thee, serve thee, love and live to thee for ever. Oh! in pity fix me at thy feet and let me not so wander from thee. Bless me with the precious gift of faith to press forward to complete salvation in Jesus my Saviour.

April.—My mind led to deep consideration on the following point:—How far a Christian ought to follow the opinion of others because of their eminence in the

church and devotion of heart to God. I know my own conduct in this respect does appear to some presumptous, confident, and unscriptural. I refer to the minor parts of practical religion, on the major all (holding evangelical principles) are generally agreed. I conceive that where *a question is doubtful*, and no direction immediately laid down in Scripture, or no light appears to the mind to unfold our duty, *then* we are plainly directed to look to our brethren for help. But if, on the other hand, after diligent search in the oracles of truth, accompanied with prayer for the Spirit's influence, we see scriptural authority for viewing the matters in a different light to that in which others regard it, I do venture to maintain that the Lord will bless this exercise of trust in him, and that in such circumstances we are bound to make a decided stand. The points I allude to, do not, on my own part, involve the question—how far may I go into the world and be blameless, but how far I may retreat from it? I do think that natural tempers, feelings, and tastes, are too much cherished amongst us, and the too prevailing spirit of going *into* the world, or mingling with it, in order to do good to those in it, leads to much inconsistency in life and conversation. Love to the genuine disciples of our Lord is marred, the great line of distinction between the church and the world becomes gradually less seen, the image of Christ in the believer is clouded, or perhaps scarcely visible. These things cause many to blaspheme, and lead weak and humble souls to stumble, when they might go on their way rejoicing.

When I returned to Hull after my mind was awakened to its eternal welfare, I was much inclined to look around me for *patterns* in the road to the heavenly Zion, but I soon found myself thrown back upon

the blessed word of inspiration, and often felt myself obliged to cling to it, as a shipwrecked mariner clings to the last floating timber as his only hope of safety. And in this exercise I find great peace. At this moment I feel no withdrawing of my mind from future and unknown difficulties—far from it. I feel an assurance that I am resting on a rock, and feel an increased desire to know the will of the Lord, and that my will may be swallowed up in his. I feel quite satisfied that he will not leave me in darkness. He will teach me and guide me, and make my path plain before me. In this simple faith, and staying my mind upon the Lord, I find peace, great peace.

July 15th.—My mind has been for some time in a cold frame,—not left to total insensibility, (blessed be my compassionate God) but my affections languid, my apprehensions of eternal things weak and wavering. At a throne of grace I have been often heartless, and an object of abomination to that God I dared to address. Sometimes I have been so shocked with my spirit in this blessed privilege, that I have thrown myself there again, and cried unto the Lord not to look upon me as in my wretched condition, and to judge me accordingly, but turn off his eyes to the cross of the Saviour, to view me in the sacrifice of atonement, and to break for Christ's sake the bands that then held me. I have risen from my knees,—a ray of light, a sense of peace, has stolen over my mind, but it has not been lasting; the cares and things of this life have called my attention immediately, I have entered upon them unguardedly, "*Watch and pray*" has not preceded nor gone along with them as it ought to have done; (I feel at all times a want of watchfulness and steadiness, and that I have cause to mourn in bitterness of soul

my distance even in spiritual duties from the fountain of all light and blessedness.) But ever blessed be my best, and only stedfast friend, my gracious redeemer, he has at length smitten the hard rock, and the waters of contrition, of humiliation, and I hope sincere repentance, have gushed out. Strange that the rod should be sweet, but it is very sweet. I have been led to self-examination, and the way the Lord has softened my heart, was by coldness on the part of some spiritual friends, a point on which I feel very acutely. I can see that it was my God that reproved me for lightly esteeming the friendship of the best friend; and I felt his sweet constraining influence, inviting me to come and take largely of his unchanging love. I was enabled to say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." "It is good for me to be afflicted." "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none else I desire on the earth besides thee."

August.—I desire to return thanks to my gracious God for the blessing which he seems to vouchsafe to the Friday evening class of children which I continue to meet, and which increases almost weekly. I humbly hope a spirit of inquiry is excited amongst the dear children, and that from the answers they give to some questions put to them, they grow in knowledge. Oh, may the effectual teaching of the Spirit visit their souls, and pour light upon their hearts and understandings! The work to make wise unto salvation is thine, Lord, it is thine.

15*th.*—After much consideration, I humbly think I see it my duty to engage in a work lately brought before my immediate notice. It was for want of due consideration that I was so long ignorant of the loud call for exertion on all who feel any thing of the value

of the soul, on behalf of the objects I allude to, who are the inhabitants of the Sculcoats Poorhouse. Though weak, ignorant, and less than nothing in myself, I feel there is much need of labour, and that the Lord does his work by the basest instruments,—he is independent of agents. He will bless the labour of faith, and my heart seems drawn out to the poor people, so that I have a persuasion that we shall all be blessed. Oh, my God! I trust it was in dependance upon thee I began this work this morning. Thou only knowest the secret motives of all our hearts. I know that all mine need purifying in the blood of Jesus, yet I feel encouraged, because I did experience thy strength made perfect in my weakness. I felt my heart enlarged and my mouth opened by thee, when engaged in pleading with them at thy throne of mercy. Oh, be pleased to continue to bless, if this be agreeable to thy will; but if not, graciously make the way plain before me, that I may see my duty, and give up every thing that promotes not thy glory, but only brings satisfaction to my own too vain-glorious heart.

September 27th.—My mind much affected with scenes I have witnessed to-day. Oh! how should I fall down before a God of unbounded mercy that I was not cut off in my state of enmity, and that I am still spared,—that my heart, equally polluted and dark by nature, equally turning aside into crooked paths, and ignorant of the great salvation, should have been softened, my stubborn will bent, and a Saviour revealed in sovereign love and fulness to my perishing soul. And what shall I, can I, say?—nothing, Lord, but what would fall infinitely below what I owe to thee,—to thee, and that grace of thine, which worketh all in all, be the praise and glory.

One case I saw in my round of visits, which I am privileged to make to the sick and needy,—a poor woman, upwards of seventy years of age, living and sinning (as I told her) against God, herself, light, and knowledge. The struggles of conscience appears to be great at times, she wishes to deny the scriptures, but cannot, her state is a fearful one. May the God of salvation strike the rock, which, to human appearance, is impenetrable. Another upon the borders of eternity, about to heave her last sigh, but not one ray of light within, her hopes resting only upon a God of general mercy, no feeling sense of herself as a sinner,—no cry for help to a Saviour. Another, fast hastening to an eternal state of existence, but, I fear, with very little more hope than the former—admits herself a sinner, and professes her trust only in the Saviour of sinners—speaks largely of comfortable experience, but, from the tenor of her conversation, her mind appears to be with her affections. I do much fear that her hopes are fallacious, fixed upon some imagination, and knowledge of the truths of scripture, whilst I doubt no work of grace has begun in her heart,—that she has yet to learn what a sinner is, and what need she has of another righteousness to gain for her admittance into the presence of a holy God. Another case I saw, very distressing; one, I hope, a child of God, but an afflicted one. Her mind seems borne down by affliction and temptation, often irritated and inclined to murmur, sometimes writing bitter things against herself, sometimes dishonouring her Saviour by unbelief. Her faith very weak, and her patience feeble. Told her that she looks too much to herself and too little to her Saviour. Oh! what a lesson for humiliation,—may it be sanctified to me, and may I learn to estimate the

value of my own mercies more, and improve them better. Lord, why am I so highly favoured? Grace, grace, unto it.

30th.—Heard much to encourage me in my Friday evening class. Saw the parent of one of the children, an experienced and blessed disciple of the Lord, who, with tears in her eyes, blessed the Lord for this privilege (as she humbly called it), for her child, and assured me that their prayers constantly ascended, that I might be strengthened. Oh! how refreshed and warmed I was, and encouraged, whilst she feelingly added, "O, ma'am, you will be blessed, for whilst watering others you will be watered yourself." Lord grant that this may be my experience; and most truly I find it so, I often find new light open to me. The woman further said, "and you have the hearts of the children; my little girl would not stay at home that evening for anything whatever, I could not keep her." And she then mentioned to me what the child had told her of what I had said to them. The subject was principally on the origin and nature of the passover.

October 1st.— * * * I enjoy an humble confidence that his eye is over me, and that he will continue to supply my needful wants; but I feel a strong temptation, and I yield too often to its influence to form plans for my future life, thus filling my mind with vain imaginations,—imaginations that spring from the pride of my heart. This is an abuse of precious time, and the long-suffering patience of my gracious Lord and master. Oh, what an inconsistent creature I am! Whilst I would not for worlds have anything that belongs to me ordered otherwise than my God sees fit in his infinite wisdom and mercy to command, no, not if my own word were enough to effect such a purpose,

still I feel my heart often inclined to wish, to hope, to rebel. How much my case seems to resemble the image presented to the eye of Christian in "The Pilgrim's Progress," representing a fire with two men behind it, one pouring in oil, the other water. For these things I desire to be humbled in bitterness of spirit. I fall down before him whose mercy and goodness I thus daily provoke. Lord, to thee I lift mine eyes. I sin against thee,—thou must be mine help; and blessed, for ever blessed be thy name, thou wilt deliver me. I am ready to faint when I look within; unbelief stirs up, it says, "can such a rebel be a child of God?" but I would not heed its voice. I know, O Lord, thou art not man. Thy love changes not. I humbly hope I have an advocate with thee, the Father. He pities the helpless; he is glorified in the complete redemption of them that cannot redeem themselves.

2*d*.—Called to see old Mrs F—— (seventy-seven years old), found her the day before yesterday very ill. Sensible of her approaching end. In a moral point of view she had been a most respectable character, but now that she is soon to be weighed in the balance, how differently she sees her past life. She cried earnestly for mercy, saw no other way but through the blood of Jesus, and sought for peace fervently through him. Her language was affecting,—"Is there hope for so old a sinner as me?" I endeavoured, as well as I was able, to point to the Lamb of God (and she was not ignorant of the way), that taketh away the sin of the world, the necessity of faith and importunate waiting upon the Lord till he spoke peace to her soul.

To-day she is much weaker in body. How solemn the bed of death! I felt my mind solemnized whilst she (Mrs F——) very feebly said, "O, Miss F——, it

is a serious thing to die; but the Lord will be with me in the valley of the shadow of death. I long to depart and be with him." I said, "you feel your sins pardoned?" "O yes, in the blood of Jesus they are washed away, and I want to be gone." "Is Jesus precious to you?" I asked. With an effort, she replied, "My Saviour! O yes," and extending her emaciated arms, and opening her eyes, already beclouded with the covering of death, she looked up, and added, "I could embrace him." Surely she has found mercy. Lord, impress these scenes upon all our hearts, and make us ready when thou shalt call.

4th.—Was much impressed with the importance of self-denial in the use of words in our intercourse with all around us. How many are the commands to keep the door of our mouths, and to let our conversation be to the use of edifying; how solemn, that for every idle word we must give account. How often have I wounded my spirit, and grieved the blessed Holy Spirit in this respect, and how often have I sinned insensibly. Yes, I have trifled; I have forgotten the presence of God. I have added to this; allowed opportunities to pass when I might have said something for the Lord; and also how much time runs on in which I have very little to say, and often nothing, to his glory. Oh, my God! for this I intreat thy mercy, and implore the influence of thy Spirit to seek, in word as well as in deed, thy glory. Some, though the objects, I hope, of thy tender care, and partakers with me in the same faith and calling, think me silent and reserved; I cannot tell all thou hast done, and art doing, for me, because,—and what shall I say is the cause,—Oh, Lord, thou knowest *it is sin*. I have endeavoured to speak my feelings. My heart often burns to tell what thou

doest for my soul. Is it indeed presumptuous, Oh, my God! that I should think thou lovest me? I know I am vile, but it is in thy sovereign mercy I find a plea for hoping that thou carest for me, and that great as thy tender love appears to my undeserving soul, it is not, it cannot be beyond the price of my Saviour's blood, the purchase of his sufferings.

O speak to my heart; sever it from every earthly resting place. I have sinned in too anxiously desiring to be united in the Lord *as in nature*, in mind as well as heart, with those dear to me; but thy will be done. May we be enabled to lay claim to a union in those realms of bless where sin and Satan's power shall be no more for ever. I bless thee, O Lord, for the hope of meeting there. Carry on thy work where thou hast begun it, and bring from darkness to light where the saving effects of thy renewing grace have not been experienced. O pour down the richest of thy blessings upon them! May the influence of thy Spirit guide them continually. Enlighten them in all wisdom, and give them an abundant entrance into thy kingdom in glory. Felt the Lord an all-sufficient portion, and earnestly desired that self might be annihilated, that the raging power of sin might be subdued, and that I might be found in Christ—my all, at the last day.

9th.— * * * Felt my heart smitten in the morning by the conviction of vain wandering thoughts during public worship. Looking around me, I observed many a wandering careless eye, and many indications, from outward appearance, that what the lips gave assent to, the heart (at that time at least) disregarded. My first feelings towards the objects I thus noticed was silent reproof and astonishment at their indifference. But, oh, the deep deceitfulness of the human heart. I

did immediately recall my thoughts, and turned them into myself, and what did I see?—sin, at which I might indeed tremble. Yes; I felt I had cause to confess myself the chief of sinners, and I hope I was humbled. May it be a lasting humiliation, and a means of leading me to seek more of the Spirit's influence to guide me continually, to crucify the evils of my sinful heart, and cause the streams of grateful adoration and holy obedience, more steadily, more devotedly, to flow.

November 11*th*.—Not able to write in this diary for want of time. We have had several applications as governesses this week, and I have had to answer them. O how the cares of this world distract the mind and occupy the hands! I long to be settled, to be enabled to stay my mind upon the Lord. How blessed the rest on high, where storms for ever cease, and nothing intervenes between the soul and its precious Redeemer! In addition to earthly care, my soul has been, and is, perplexed on the duty of still remaining in the church, when I daily find my objections strengthened. These objections are founded on my views of scripture, and excited in my mind unknown to, and unbiased by, any. What has agitated my doubts on the subject just now, is the preliminary contained in no less than three situations mentioned to us, that we should be members of the Established Church of England. Outward circumstances have concurred, it is true, to lead me to the hope of going to Scotland; and my mind has laboured under the idea generally received respecting dissenters, that they are given to quarrelsome feelings, which I shrink from, in communities professedly one in Christ. O may I be led now to a clear sight of duty! I cry unto the Lord, and he will not reject the weakest and

most ignorant of those that look to him and put their trust in him. All seems dark before me, everything outwardly appears against me. I am hedged in on every side. If I dissent now, I must bring myself into difficulties, for which I cannot *see the authority of the Lord;* and in that case I cannot look for his blessing. I mentioned the state of my mind to dear Mrs L——, (a Baptist,) and she sweetly counselled me to lay the question for the present aside. Situated as I am, she does not think me called upon to agitate my mind upon so important a point. She recommended me to act with caution, to lay the matter before the Lord, and not by any means to decide hastily. O may I be enabled to follow her advice, and be directed to follow the Lord in the way he would have me to serve him; not from the impulse of my own heart, O no—may every wish of it that is contrary to my Saviour's will, be denied, crucified, brought into complete subjection, and myself made an object to reflect my Redeemer's glory; and has not my God hitherto blessed me? How many Ebenezers I have had to erect to his praise; how often has he brought my soul out of trouble! When I look back and remember his tender care,—when I consider how his mercies have flowed upon me, can I doubt,— O my ungrateful, unbelieving heart, canst thou doubt His willingness now to hear and help thee? Saviour of the lost, increase my faith! I desire to know no will but thine; to give up every thing, and to follow thee fully. But I fear I may be deceiving myself. I fear I turn to the right hand and to the left. I may be hewing out cisterns for myself. O my God, quicken me; I look up to thee! Enable me to rest upon thine arm. I do not sufficiently apprehend thy love to thy people. Bless me, my God and Saviour, with more of

the influence of thy redeeming love in my soul; then let me consider what it is to have an interest in the work of salvation; and shall I doubt thy willingness to direct me in this point, so important, and in which hangs so much of my spiritual health and happiness. O let me take hold of thy faithfulness and thy strength, and look up to him, whose perfect purity has satisfied all thy demands, and for whose sake nothing is too great for us to ask, and thine infinite power to bestow upon us. Then, Lord, at thy feet I fall; into thy hands I commend my cause. I am safe with thee. Thou wilt break the net that confines my soul; thou wilt bring me out unto a healthy place, and I shall praise thee.

December 10*th*.— * * * My burden is increased, because I cannot speak openly of my feelings at home. I do not, because their minds have never been agitated on this particular subject as my own has been, and is, and I would not raise a doubt *here* for any sacrifice. My burden is relative to church principles. On Saturday I received a letter from Mr Innes, Edinbro', in answer to one I wrote to him last week respecting situations for us. He has kindly interested himself on our account, and we have depended much upon the hope of being removed to Scotland; and then we should have the advantage of the Scotch church privileges. But what were my feelings on reading, that through a misunderstanding on the part of our friend who mentioned us to Mr Innes, he, Mr I., has been labouring under the idea that, as we are in the Episcopal church here, it is our wish to be confined, if possible, to that church in Scotland. Of course, all his exertions have proceeded on this supposition. When we received and read the letter, I could scarcely breathe;

it seemed to be the voice of the Lord again charging upon my soul its sloth and want of decision in times now gone by. Sometimes I could weep, sometimes not; but I could not fly as formerly to my only resource, my only help; no, my faith quite failed. I feel it dishonouring to my blessed refuge in times past. O that I could betake myself fully, simply, to him! *He would deliver.* Yes; and I do believe *he will not leave* my soul, though I distrust his readiness to help me. How comforting, how strengthening, how encouraging, to know assuredly that he shall do all his pleasure. O that I could see his hand, that he would break the cloud that hangs over me! O for more faith! My ungrateful, wretched heart, turn to thy only friend. He waits to help thee: He has done so in past trials: His faithfulness reigns.

The correspondence above referred to was the prelude to a personal acquaintance with Mr I., who afterwards stood in the relation of her friend and pastor, and ultimately her father-in-law. It seems impossible not to trace the hand of a kind overruling providence in sparing his own aged and beloved partner, until he was permitted to partake of the pleasant society, and kind domestic attentions, of a dutiful and beloved daughter.

DIARY.

1832. *January 10th.*—I feel I want humility. The Lord is, I hope, bringing me to a real experimental knowledge of this precious grace. Did I feel myself as I really am, the very chief of sinners, helpless, worthless, deserving wrath rather than mercy, I should not require these lessons. But bless the Lord for them,

O my soul, they are good, or shall be good for thee. Many times the rod has been laid on, but severe as it has been to nature, yet the tender comforting love I have experienced along with it has made it appear so light, that my spirit whilst it mourned still rejoiced. And has not this rod checked my erring feet? How often has it reclaimed the backslider, recalled me, wandering, and ready to fall. I now see many dangers, many precipices over which I should have fallen, had not the watchful care of my gracious God been ready to snatch me away, and caution me for the future, by making me feel the narrow escapes I had made. This is a part of the covenant, well ordered and sure. O Lord, I thank thee for it. It is sealed by the blood of our dear, dying, risen, ascended Redeemer—sealed to all the seed. Am I one of them, known in Christ before the foundation of the world? Shall anything fail of all that Jehovah has promised to Abraham's spiritual seed? No, my soul, only take care that thou hast a part in the great matter. Look well to the articles of peace. *All in Christ!* From him, for him, and to him, all must flow. But I feel very unsubdued in my spirit, far from a resting in him. I compare myself just now to a fretful rebellious child, struggling in the arms of a tender parent, who, well acquainted with the helpless, erring, weak, condition of infancy, and the rugged dangerous state of the road, persists in the necessity of bearing his froward charge above the reach of harm, and rather consults his final comfort than the gratification of wishes that stretch not beyond present enjoyment or satisfaction. * * * The difficulties of my situation, with regard to church communion, have nearly overwhelmed me. Our friends are almost entirely of the Episcopal

church, and the ministers have kindly offered to patronize our undertaking. Undecided and uncertain as to the path of duty, how can I avow myself a dissenter, and how can I accept of the church's interest, they supposing me a member of it? None but God and my own soul have known what I have suffered, from not being able to express my feelings at home; this I avoid, because no doubts as yet have agitated their minds on the subject, and were I to state mine, I fear that it might unsettle them, which I should not feel myself justified in doing. Unless I saw my own way clearly, I dare not run the chance of throwing their minds into a state, declared to be one of condemnation if we rest in it—a state of doubting. But I have not been without help. The Lord has been with me; though I have provoked him by unbelief, he has borne me up: I have felt his smiting rod, but also his love and power. It is matter of astonishment to my soul that he yet spares. But his unchanging mercy is the rock on which I rest; and I lift up my soul for his blessing upon the plan I have ventured to adopt, as it seems the only one to set me at liberty, and this is to leave Hull and commence school in Scotland if an opening offers after application to that effect. This step is highly approved of by our friends, as my sisters can carry on the establishment formed here; and I bless the Lord that no opposition has as yet appeared, unless I add the frowardness of my own heart, and that I need to mourn for in true bitterness of spirit. Oh, to be blessed with a heart resigned, nay, joyful in all that my heavenly Father sees fit to appoint me. But I want submission, a temper bent in all things to the will of my blessed Saviour. Yes, to his dear will, to go through the furnace he chooses thankfully, aiming only

to glorify him. O, divine inspirer! breathe an unction from on high into my cold languid heart, and sanctify this and every trial, that I may be weaned from every thing, but to know and enjoy the power and excellency of my redeeming God.

February 6th.—The Lord has heard and delivered, and put a new song into my mouth. Yes, he has dispersed the clouds of unbelief: I look before me without care, I feel a sweet assurance that all shall be for good. I can lay hold on many precious promises; faith rests upon a reconciled, wise, righteous God, one to whom the very number of our hairs is known. I humbly hope I already feel my conflicts sanctified. My heart seems drawn from time, things of earth are less valuable, and Christ and his salvation endeared to my soul. Nothing seems desirable but to live for eternity. I long to cease entirely from man, from carnal hopes, and to live as seeing him who is invisible, sitting at his feet, and by the Holy Spirit enabled to rest upon him as revealed in the blessed word of inspiration; and what a God is our God! His love passeth knowledge; it makes me bow my head in the dust and be ashamed for my coldness, unbelief, and repeated sin. I am amazed at my small measure of faith, because my heavenly Father gives richly, yea, abundantly, in answer to the slightest act of faith. But by this I learn my total inability to think anything as of myself; I feel my sufficiency to cry to him must come from himself, from the influence of his Holy Spirit; the very knowledge of my wants is taught by that wisdom which is from above; so that did I not put away from myself my own mercies I should *rejoice* to sit at the fountain, to be emptied of unclean self, a thankful pensioner on divine bounty—a blessed recipient from the fulness of

Christ. But O ! I want more transformation of soul to the image of God, the glorious exalted privilege of the blessed children of God. I want a steady, holy, decided, self-renouncing principle, infused through every winding of my heart, purifying every motive, and turning every purpose to that sole object—the glory of God. But I do not despair of having this done for me ; no, my God has done great, very great things for me already. I feel by his influence a hatred of sin ; it is my burden, I groan daily under its power ; I find also in my soul a supreme desire to live unto the Lord, to find him in every thing, to rest under the shadow of his wings, and with filial confidence put my whole trust in him. I once had a heart that grasped at the vanities of time, none ever sought with more avidity, (as far as circumstances allowed,) the poisoned draught of earthly pleasure held out by an ensnaring world. But is it so now ? O, how does my soul melt ; mine eyes run down with streams of gratitude, at what my compassionate Saviour and God has done for me. Why for me, why for me ? He might have left me to feed on husks, since I desired none other ; but no, he has given me a taste for higher joys—joys in my Father's house ; and since it was his sovereign will to give me this taste, I *shall* be satisfied. I know he will fulfil the desire of them that seek him. Unbelief shuts his mercy from us. Faith opens the windows of heaven, and our souls find a rich supply. Thus he has been pleased, in the councils of his wisdom, to make our comfort and usefulness dependent on the exercise of faith, so that we need stirring up to renew our faith, to realize the things spoken of in the everlasting covenant, and to make vigorous efforts to take hold, and to keep hold, of that covenant. How sweetly, how calmly, should we then sail down the streams

of time, till landed in the haven of eternal rest. Lord be pleased to revive my languid powers! I know we have not, because we ask not, or we ask amiss; but bless me with the grace of faith, and a right understanding to apply it according to thy will. I ask not in temporal things, these I leave with thee; but my soul must be satisfied, it cannot rest short of thyself—filled with the fulness of Jehovah.

16*th*.—Yesterday was a day set apart for public humiliation and fasting on account of the iniquity of the country, through which the land mourneth, and God displays his indignation by the sword of vengeance hanging over our heads, and striking some part of our unhappy land.* I was privileged to unite with the people of God in their public prayers. It was a solemn season, I trust a blessed one. I felt my cold heart softened; felt impressed with the reality of eternal things. There seemed to be in the assembly an humbling of soul before God, a conscious sense of personal iniquity, a cry from the heart of each, "woe unto me for I have sinned." The evening before, looking over, or rather endeavouring to look over, the black catalogue of pollution by which our country is stained, the Lord was pleased to show me something of my own provoking sins. However deep the dye that rested upon others, condemnation pressed upon my own soul. I saw myself a sinner against light and unbounded mercy. My case seemed worse than that of those who had never tasted the joys of heavenly things. I groaned, I felt how heavy the cross of sin, and the difficulty of bending with submission under its weight, and mourning and striving against its influence. But I was enabled to throw myself at the foot of the cross;

* Referring to the cholera.

O! the blessedness of lying there. Words failed me; I could only bless the Lord that he had made me in a measure sensible of sin, that he had taught me to hate it. Yes, with weeping, I did bless him for this distinguishing mercy to one not more deserving than others—a mercy the foretaste and pledge of complete redemption. I felt the balm of Gilead—the blood of sprinkling, applied to my own heart, and had a humble hope that God, for his name's sake, his glory's sake, his church's sake, would turn away his wrath from us, and, as in days past, rejoice over us again as a people to do us good. Yesterday I felt my soul calm; much encouraged to the exercise of prayer by the portions of scripture selected for the day, particularly the 9th chapter of Daniel; had confidence that the Lord would hear pleading Israel. If one man stood in the breach and stayed the divine anger, may not so many weeping children hope to prevail? Thus I felt a sweet staying upon God; I remembered that whatever God in sovereign justice might see fit to inflict, it would be well with the righteous. They have an intercessor—an all prevailing advocate; they are safe in him. Though a father's love may chasten, it never, never will forsake—he has loved them with an everlasting love; should any be swept away in the general dispensation, it will be from the evil to come. They are sealed unto the day of redemption, and shall at length be perfected in the realms of unalloyed bliss. The question is, who can take the comfort of these divine assurances? They only who have fled to this stronghold, who have cast their "anchor within the vail," who turn unto the Lord with all their heart, and declare themselves strangers and pilgrims in this lower world, having a good hope through grace, that their life is hid with Christ

in God, or who are at least pressing forward to the attainment of peace through the atonement. What an awful subject! How awful to reflect that millions are dead to the hopes of a better existence—are living without God in the world, defying his glorious name, profaning his precious Sabbaths, rejecting his power, and scoffing at the joy of a believer in acknowledging an overruling providence. These are fearful sins, they cry for judgment.

I resolve, through the help of the Lord, to be more importunate in my daily prayers, for deliverance from the threatened evils, and from the procuring cause of those evils,—our national sins; especially I will endeavour to set apart a portion of every Saturday exclusively for this end. May the Lord give me the spirit of prayer and supplication. I am but a worm of the earth,—the chief of sinners; but the excellency of the power will be the better known to be of God: I will therefore take encouragement by looking off myself to the mighty power that worketh all things by his grace and the counsel of his will. He chooses the weak and base things of the earth to confound the wise and mighty. O may it be so, and the glory will be the Lord's. Have I not found mercy; who maketh any to differ? May I feel more alive to the misery of my poor perishing fellow-sinners. Great and precious encouragements are given, to strengthen us in the duty of wrestling for each other before God,—may I be enabled to take hold of them. As a polluted sinner myself, I would approach his footstool in the name of him whom he heareth always. Though I humbly trust, a sinner saved by grace, I have need to hide myself in the dust, and would do so, pleading that righteousness which has cancelled sin, and that blood which purifies

from all uncleanness. I would lay my hands on the atoning sacrifice, and hope that in him, God, even our own God, will give us his blessing.

21*st*.—What perplexity agitates our beloved land! Our God has a controversy with us. Dismay and fainting of heart seem to have seized the children of Zion. Our iniquities nerve the arm of the Lord,—they cry out against us. The shaking of the nations is surely come, we have cause to fear that Jehovah is about to arise and judge the earth; and has he not declared he shall begin at his sanctuary? Solemn announcement from divine truth, and is it not fulfilling amongst us? Long has he borne with the backsliding, lukewarm spirit of his professing people. The spirit of the world has of late made great inroads into the very courts of God. Where do we find that holy decision of soul, that fears not to condemn by example the practice of an ungodly world,—that really forsakes all for Christ, counts all but loss for him, turning away from the enjoyments of time, and esteeming the light of God's countenance through a Divine Redeemer better than the smiles of united worlds? Had this been the case with us, instead of bitterness and remorse, our peace might have flowed as a river. But, alas! we have suffered the enemy of souls and the world to deaden our zeal and simple devotion to the Lord Jesus. We have listened to the enemy within, and who can say we are now a peculiar people,—who can draw the line and say, "these are the despised followers of the meek and lowly Jesus." Oh! mournful truth, we have reason to hang down our heads as bulrushes, though, blessed be God, there is hope for the returning prodigal. May we fly to this sin-forgiving God and Father, and seek a hiding-place in the Rock of ages from the

storm and tempest. I have long feared that a state of severe trial would fall upon the church, to purify, and cleanse, and separate. Oh! may it lead to this blessed end, and we shall be blessed and God greatly glorified.

It is hardly necessary to say, that the subjects of Dissent and Baptism are not introduced with any view to controversy; which, in a volume like the present, would be much out of place. The book will doubtless pass into the hands of readers who disapprove of the opinions latterly entertained by her on both those points. To such it must be obvious, that a faithful biographer could not with propriety have passed over the facts recorded, and even they, we conceive, will be constrained to give their approval to the ready compliance yielded to what appeared to *her* to be the path of duty, though at the same time likely to prove an obstruction to her advancement in a temporal point of view. Subsequent events showed that this difficulty was by no means an imaginary one. It was deemed advisable that about this time she should come to Scotland, expectations being held out to her which were afterwards, from various causes, not realized. The last portion of her journal, written in Hull, of date 27th February, 1832, refers to the state of her mind on baptism shortly before leaving—for she knew not how long a period —her native place.

* * * O gracious God, teach and guide me. I desire to lie before thee in this matter, to rest myself in thy hands. Stir me to search thy word with faith and prayer, many portions have struck me as of deep import,—Colossians ii. 12, &c.

FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN SHETLAND, WRITTEN ABOUT THIS TIME.

* * * I have endeavoured to give you a statement of the steps by which I have been led in this matter. You are sensible, from the knowledge you have of our temporal concerns, that earthly considerations, or the hope of worldly aggrandizement, cannot have influenced me ; I may err, but I am not conscious of any motive but a desire to obey the will of him who has said, "if a man love me he will keep my commandments ;" and to realize the precious assurance, that to such he would manifest himself as his Saviour and his God. I dare venture to believe that he has given me a desire to forsake all to win himself and be found in him, and I did count the cost. I am aware that I have risked both friends and influence, as I had not a friend of the Baptist or Dissenting connexion when I came here, not even an acquaintance, but the lady before alluded to ; I was scarcely known to Mr Innes when I applied to him to administer the ordinance. Indeed, I have experienced a great struggle. I felt as if breaking every chain that bound my heart to this lower world ; yes, dear sir, my sinful heart, though blessed with peace, still mourns at the thought that some may look upon me with a jealous eye that were formerly united with me in the bond of Christian sympathy ; but in these moments it calms the spirit to look above ; there the darkness that now divides the followers of the Lamb will be done away for ever, and *one* song of humble adoration animate every tongue, and resound, through the ransomed hosts, in mingled strains of praise through eternity. With such prospects it is dishonouring to the head, when the members faint by the

way. O may I have a sure, a well-grounded hope of an interest in that inheritance! if purchased at the price of divine blood, I know that all is safe, is well, all is in the hands of him, whom I trust it is my desire to glorify; yes, should he command it, even in the fires. I must apologize for the hasty manner in which this is written. I am obliged to throw my ideas together hurriedly, as the vessel sails to-day, being sooner than I had expected.

DIARY.

1832. *Edinburgh, 5th Sept.*—This day, O my soul, thou hast again entered into covenant with thy God. Precious privilege, but let me see that I improve it to the end intended,—the glory of that God, and the sanctification of my soul. This day I have been strengthened to obey the dictates of conscience drawn from the word of God, and to attend to the ordinance of baptism. My mind has been for some time in a very doubtful state on that subject; consequences, I have no doubt, weighed greatly with me; I felt that much—nay, all of worldly advantage seemed, and perhaps is, at stake. Want of time and opportunity for pressing home the question kept me wavering, and the path of duty was clouded; but when left to reflection, to consider the blessedness of following the Lord fully,—that the question should be, "What saith the Lord?"—when I looked back to the past, I was lost in amazement,—could I, who had experienced so much of the love and power of the Saviour, hesitate to trust him with consequences? O my wayward, wretched heart! I feared no longer; the way burst upon my mind, clear, and without a cloud. My blessed Redeemer's command is enough; I must, I will obey.

Bless the Lord for this mercy, and for strengthening me to follow out my convictions. And have I had cause to draw back, surely no. I have enjoyed a sweet peace; the world's glare has lost, in some degree, its power to captivate my heart; to grace be all the glory.*

If spared, I trust the Lord will give me a place amongst his dear people, whose discipline is founded on New Testament principles. The government of our Redeemer's kingdom is clearly pointed out there. I think I see it now to be purely of a spiritual nature. O how unworthy I am to participate in the blessed privilege of being one amongst the chosen seed of God! —of being received as an heir of the same promises, and a traveller to the same eternal home. Lord, fit me for discharging the duties that rest upon each member to another; and bless me with a spiritual union in heart with all, that we may be helpers together of each other's faith, not sparing, but exhorting in love, that Christ may be formed in us,—that his power may be exemplified in our walk and conversation, and that the world may be constrained to acknowledge that the Lord is good, and that in him only can any be blessed.

17*th*.—O my soul, catch the few moments thou hast just now to record the tender.—Was obliged to lay by my pen, and could not note down the great, the

* The following beautiful lines from the pen of Mrs Sigourney may here be appropriately introduced:—

* * * * * *

Yea come, thou gentle one, and arm thy soul with strength divine,
This stern world hath a thousand darts to vex a breast like thine.
Beneath its smile a traitor's kiss is oft in darkness bound—
Cling to that Comforter who holds a balm for every wound;
Propitiate that Protector's care who never will forsake,
And thou shalt strike the harp of praise, even when thy heart-strings break.
Then, with a firm, unshrinking step, the watery path she trod,
And gave, with woman's deathless trust, her being to her God.

distinguished privilege with which I was blessed the day previous to the date above. The privilege of which I was made a partaker, and to which I allude, was being received as a member in communion with the church meeting in Elder Street. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and remember thine obligations. Let redeeming love be all thy theme; it is the foundation of all thy hope,—the source of all thy mercies. Let every consideration be lost in contemplating the cross of Jesus. Turn decidedly from a vain world; thy affections have long since ceased to find objects of satisfaction in its deceitful charms. Walk with eternity in view, and let every talent, both of nature and grace, be exerted in the service of thy Saviour. Keep what he has done in view; it will lead to peace, joy, humility, holy zeal, self-renouncing, obedience, glory.—1833. *January.*—Was not able to write my feelings at the time from the circumstances in which I am placed, being from home, I cannot command either time or means for writing. I have no opportunity for retirement; scarcely any for reflection. I must catch an odd moment or so if it occurs.

After a lapse of some months, the congenial occupation of noting down the exercises of her mind was resumed. By this time she was engaged in superintending the studies of an only pupil resident in the vicinity of Edinburgh, the daughter of George Ross, Esq., Woodburn.

1833. *Woodburn, July.*—O how rebellious I am; Lord, thou seest the struggle within. I do not acquiesce in this thy dispensation. My beloved Isabella* is ill. Thou hast laid thine hand upon her. O that I could give her up to thee; but my heart bleeds at the pro-

* Her youngest sister.

spect of parting, for *she is dear, dear to it;* and yet, why should I wish to detain her here; she will depart to be with Christ; she will sin no more; she will have escaped the pestilence of this lower world; and enjoy in the love and presence of her adorable Redeemer, the plenitude of glory and mercy prepared for the ransomed pilgrims of Zion. O my soul, retain her not, then, even in thought. I may feel, but let every pang direct mine eye upwards, there is the believer's home,—here we are but travellers. O live for eternity, this will dry up the bitter tear of affliction. A few years or less, we know not how much less, and if in Christ, we meet to part no more for ever.

July 17.—To-day my mind has been unusually depressed; some things occurred that brought to my recollection times of domestic happiness, especially those in which I enjoyed the tender care of a beloved earthly parent. The mutual exchange of affectionate sympathy amongst those around me, spoke a language I well knew, and I could say I was once blessed so too, but the Lord has done all things well. Impressed with the feelings I have described, I took a book, and went to a seat in the garden under a large tree, at a little distance from the house, to enjoy in the open air the delightful evening. As I sat, my thoughts recurred to what had pressed but too much upon them before I left the study, though that sweet assurance came to mind, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." While I mused, my attention was suddenly drawn to a little bird, hopping not far from me; it came nearer; I was struck with its fearless manner; at last it sprung upon a stool close to me, and looked at me. I almost thought there was meaning in its look (fancy to be sure), and said, "Poor little thing, you seem

as if you would participate in my feelings." It hopped upon the ground, and I lost sight of it. My little visitant would have been thought of no more, had it not almost immediately returned; I did not however feel disposed to bestow much attention upon it, though my thoughts still wandered far from its God,—when suddenly our Saviour's blessed words rushed into my mind, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God—ye are of more value than many sparrows." I was struck with the application and sweet assurance of these words, and turned to look for the bird, to see what kind of one it was, which I had not observed before—it was a sparrow; my friend was close to me, and looked at me as before. I was not wrong surely in recognising in this mute stranger a messenger of consolation. I did see my Father's love, it spoke to my inmost soul; and whilst acknowledging it in adoring silence, the instrument flew away, and I saw it no more.*

28*th*.—My ever dear Isabella is rather better. O Lord, if thou canst spare her agreeably to thy will, how earnestly would I implore it of thee; I would ask that she might be raised up again to gladden the hearts of her friends, and labour in thy vineyard. When I think of the sweet attractive ease with which she ministered to the comfort of others, of her affectionate sympathy, her solicitude that all around her should be happy; and then when I trace her in her Christian course, I cling with grateful ardour to the hope of having her a little longer with us. My heart lingers with an idolatrous fondness over every recol-

* We thus see how a spiritual mind may pursue a profitable train of reflection awakened by an incident apparently the most trivial.

lection of past scenes connected with domestic endearments. O my God! pardon these tears, the debt of nature; I still would be in thy hands; I feel thy blessing sweeter than all the happiness this world could give me; enable me to commit my all—all dear to me to thee—and wait thy will in faith, resting upon thy love, which cannot change in its purpose to make all things work together for good to thy people. If we are thine, all is safe for time and for eternity.

She had not been long resident at Woodburn, when she began to devote her spare hours to the agreeable employment of visiting the poor villagers, and administering to their temporal and spiritual wants as opportunities occurred. In August 1833 she writes:—I desire to acknowledge with unfeigned thanks the goodness of my God in leading Mrs R—— and family to unite so cordially with me in my poor endeavours to do good in this neighbourhood. It is a kindness far beyond what I expected, or could expect, considering our difference of sentiment in some religious points. Making something trifling for a poor man, Mrs R—— assisted me, and has offered to make various articles of clothing for the poor, to be in readiness, should I meet with deserving objects. She also offers to supply me with tracts, being glad if I will take the trouble, as she calls it, of visiting. The family seems anxious to be kind and useful. O my sou! bless the Lord for casting thy lot amongst them, and take heed to thy duties, looking upwards for strength to perform them in singleness of heart, and true devotion of purpose as unto the Lord.

CHAPTER III.

* * * thou mayest give
The famished food, the prisoner liberty,
Light to the darkened mind, to the lost soul
A place in Heaven. Take thou the privilege
With solemn gratitude. Speck as thou art
Upon earth's surface, gloriously exult
To be co-worker with the King of kings.

Mrs Sigourney.

1833. *September 15th.*—Yesterday, was much impressed with the distinguishing mercy of God displayed in the salvation of his people, his choosing them, calling them, adopting them, and fitting them for glory. I visited several invalids of very diversified characters; some whose minds appeared in total darkness, others struggling with confused ideas, and resting their hopes upon—they scarcely knew what. I trembled at my own privileges, and could not help exclaiming, as I walked along, Lord, what am I that thou shouldest so favour me. I felt this, another appeal to my heart, to spend and be spent for him who sought me out in my apostacy, plucked me as a brand from the burning, and gave me the blissful prospect of living with him through eternity. I experienced much comfort to-day in the public ordinances of divine worship. I was blessed with some degree of spiritual appetite, and, I hope, fed upon the rich bounty that was brought before us. Angels' food was there, nay, it was more than angels' food; for angels, exalted as they are, never tasted it; it was the manna of redeeming love, and I humbly hope

it was sweet to my taste. I desired to drink deep at the fountain of gospel truth, and I think I was roused to seek more fervently for grace to follow them who through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises.

Dear Dr Paterson preached in the morning from Rev. vii. 9, and following verses. He brought before us a very delightful, solemn, heart-searching view of the subject contained in the verses of the text. O may it be blessed to all who heard it; as rain upon the mown grass, may it water and nourish the precious seed of faith in the hearts of God's dear children; and as a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces, may it smite asunder the stony heart of unbelief, and lead many to the blood of sprinkling, by which the innumerable company, seen by the Apostle in his heavenly vision, obtained the joys of immortality.

21*st*.—O my soul, what cause for never-ceasing adoration, thy prayers have ascended to the throne of the most high, and thy God has disappointed thy fears, and again has my cup run over! My beloved sister continues to recover. I have at this moment received a letter bearing this unexpected intelligence; I may say unexpected, for I have within these few days allowed myself sinfully to be troubled in consequence of unpleasant *dreams*, from which I drew the inference that my dear Isabella was worse rather than better. What should I render to the Lord for all his benefits?

December 27*th*.—Another year is drawing to a close; what a solemn consideration; may a short recurrence to what has past be blessed to my soul. I must only glance at it, and that hastily, my time is limited. O Lord, enable me to do so, that thy loving kindness, which has marked every step of my pilgrimage, may kindle into a renewed flame my poor languid heart, and

fill my mouth with unceasing praise. Twelve months ago I was without a home, a wanderer in this waste howling wilderness, separated from the friends upon whom I depended for temporal provision, on account of my change with regard to the church. What should I have done had not my God stood by me; and blessed, for ever blessed be his name, he did stand by me. His comforts refreshed my soul, and often caused me to rejoice, even whilst the bitter tear fell, and all was dark before me. Severe as the furnace was, I bless thee, O my gracious God and Father, that I was called to pass through it, for I felt thy power to sympathize, I felt what it was to have Jehovah near! Thou didst bear me up, and pour the balm of Gilead into my fainting soul. O, how sweet were the comforts of the gospel!—though far from a subdued, resigned state of mind, the power of the Lord was so manifested in his word to my situation, that I drew strength so as to be enabled to rest in his will,—that I might rest passive in his hands was *all*, *all* my desire. I longed to know nothing but Christ, to glory in my necessities, that his power might abide upon me. I felt myself nothing, Christ was all. I knew that he was guiding my lot, though I saw it not. I knew that it was easy for him to appoint a kingdom, were it necessary, for my possession. The gold and silver of this world are his, and could he not give what I required? O, yes! but he saw a necessity for withholding it;—it was difficult to maintain a steady faith, and I have reason to be deeply humbled at the recollection of such dishonouring views of my God, considering his astonishing interpositions on my behalf, and the consolations that he continually poured into my mind. How often has the recollection of the sufferings of my adorable Redeemer, checked and soothed

my murmuring heart. Often, after a day mixed up with much that was painful, when resting my aching head, in gloomy anticipations for the future, have the words, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head," made me rejoice to be a partaker in the sufferings of so compassionate, so glorious a forerunner. Tears have then been turned to songs of joy.

1834. *February 17th.*— * * * Oh! how much friendship, and Christian affection, have I received from the followers of the Lamb. I might fill pages with mercies unbounded in this way, for which I am not alive as I ought to be. I know it is purely mercy and love, O Lord, that has led thee to open the hearts of Christians to befriend me. I feel daily more and more that I am unworthy of their notice. Surely they see nothing in me to excite so much sympathy; it is wholly of thee, my gracious God. Make me more sensible of thy unceasing care.

20th.—Within these few days we have received an awful memento of the certainty of death, and the necessity of being always ready for its approach. Mr S——'s sudden call into a world of spirits speaks to all the survivors. O may it be sanctified! He had little time given him to prepare to meet his God. The present imperfect state of our minds, admits of our following beyond the grave, only in imagination; little is revealed of futurity, beyond the certainty of a judgment, and an allotment to the righteous and the wicked; yet how few regard those things as actually to come. The fading vanities of time engross the mind formed for an endless existence. This earth on which we dwell must ere long vanish as though it had never been; man, we see (in one sense), doomed to

follow the same decree; one generation passes away after another, till time itself shall be no more; and yet how many amongst the myriads that descend to the tomb lay these things to heart? Few in number act as if they must die; witness the eager panting after fame of one kind or another; the grasping anticipations for the future; the mind-absorbing possession of the present,—all move onward tacitly proclaiming, "These are our gods, we will not have another to reign over us." Lamentable truth,—the flock of Christ remains still a little flock, and the number of the consistent self-denying members of it, still less. O that those who have been redeemed from this evil world partook less of its principles, that the line of demarcation were more distinctly drawn! My heart bleeds to see the temporizing spirit of many who profess to have escaped the pollutions that are in the world. The people of God are said to be a peculiar people, bearing the image of Christ, crucified to the world. What says our adorable Saviour himself? "If the world hath hated me, it will also hate you;" but how is it that professors of the present day stand fair with both sides? They endeavour to bring together in their practice what the unerring word has distinctly said can never be reconciled. Vain man will be wise, though it must be at the hazard of his eternal peace! He forgets the solemn unchanging declaration of the Spirit: "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." He smoothes over the touchstone of a holy life: "All that will live godly in Jesus shall suffer persecution," —just as if the offence of the cross had ceased. O thou blessed healer of the breach of thy people, descend upon thy Church,—purify and purge out the

leaven,—give us right views of thy truth in all its bearings,—create in us a supreme desire to consult its authority for the direction of our most minute concerns. O let it be "a lamp to our feet and a light to our path." Let a respect to thy glory animate us. Quicken our spiritual appetite, that we may have a keener relish for heavenly joys. Unveil thy glory, O adorable Redeemer, that the power of thy love may destroy every rival in our affections,—overcome the world, and lead us to sit at thy feet,—feed upon thee, —delight ourselves in thee,—follow on to know (only) thee,—and to rejoice solely and entirely in hope of the glory of God!

It is amongst Dissenters in particular that I mourn to see this worldly principle; they profess to have received clearer views of the kingdom of Christ than others; but do they really manifest a closer alliance to the great head of the Christian church, by a correspondent deportment, in the ordinary intercourse of life? Externals are binding as the law of Christ, and every conscientious believer feels it his duty and privilege to observe them as such; but it is easy to adopt the form, whilst personal religion is unknown, or at any rate, little regarded. To talk of Christ, and to feed upon him, are two different things; it is from feeding so often upon the husks of this world, that so many of the genuine disciples of the Lamb are weak,—that the character of some is equivocal,—that many cast a stumbling block in the way of an ungodly world, and grieve the hearts of the people of God. Oh, when will the true Church arise, and let her light shine; when will she be "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners." Lord, make us to feel our individual responsibility. If we are lively

stones of thy spiritual building, let us remember that we must not bring with us untempered mortar (a presumptuous or careless indulgence of the flesh). The church is to be as a "bride adorned for her husband, having neither spot nor wrinkle, nor any such thing;" —no doubt principally referring to her covering by the righteousness of Christ, but may be applied very usefully to a holy conversation. We must strive to be holy, or we have no evidence that we are in Christ, and are "justified from all things," as it is by virtue of this union that the life of faith is formed in the soul, that grace is perfected from one degree to another, and every believer made meet for a heavenly inheritance. Lord, impress this upon my mind, and guide me continually; make me wholly thine.

April 7th—* * * For these few days past I have felt something of a desire to be with Christ. Formerly my hungerings and thirstings were rather for the enjoyment of his favours in sensible comfort,—a sense of his love and care in this present abode; but now I feel a longing to behold his glory, to see him as he is. The earth and all its possessions fade away as a fleeting shadow. Oh! how blessed are they who surround the throne of the Lamb, and behold the countenance of him whose love has carried them through every tribulation, and whose blood has matured them for the enjoyment of celestial bliss. They tune their harps to the praise of him who will for ever be the burden of their song, even to him who is "worthy." And why is he there addressed as worthy? Oh, wonderful! The angelic hosts unite their strains of melody, and strike the chord, "Worthy!" Yes, my soul, because he thought of thee, and such as thee, when no other eye would or could pity,—when sin had cut off every

medium of access to the tree of life, he as Immanuel restored thee by his vicarious sufferings to the favour of Jehovah, and to the hope of a possession in the mansions of glory. O my soul, why so feeble in thy praise? Alas! the pestilence of this lower world weakens my spiritual powers. I want a live coal from the altar. But it will not be thus when faith is exchanged for sight. This rebellious heart will then be all love. I shall know even as I am known; I shall see Jesus! Oh! what that sight will be who can tell? The prophets, the apostles, could bear but a *glimpse* of his glory; but the redeemed will themselves shine in the full blaze of its splendour,—thought too profound for finite minds! With what awe and gratitude should we walk in the days of our pilgrimage, but, alas, pollution stains every exercise of our souls; and when most alive to the preciousness of the cross of Christ, there is a war in our members, a struggle of the evil principle within, that convinces us our strength is from the Lord alone, and that even *desire* must flow from his mercy. Well may the Christian groan; oh, that I groaned more than I do!—To feel cold to so dear a Saviour, to do so little for him, who even longed to procure at the cost of his life my happiness; I am astonished at myself! But I cannot despair, I know my present feelings were given by thee, my adorable Saviour,—it is thy Spirit drawing me and revealing thy character; the work will not be left unfinished. Oh, enable me to glorify thee! Lord, I desire to be thine wholly; I desire to be sifted, and drawn from every resting-place —every source of satisfaction but thyself. In the arms of a covenant God I may safely rest, in the assurance that all will be well in time and through eternity.

Within this month the Lord has laid me on a bed

of sickness; for one day I thought myself in danger; death presented itself in vivid colours, but with gratitude I look back to the sweet hope with which I could view its approach. Fear was dislodged from my heart; there was no sting in death,—Jesus, I felt, had removed it for ever; and I could view the cross of Christ without a cloud. I seemed standing upon the brink of an eternal world; the ties of nature seemed about to sever, but did my heart shrink? Oh, no! Blessed be God, I experienced a hope, I beheld a prospect, that enabled me to rejoice. I had not a wish to remain; the hope of seeing Jesus swallowed up every other feeling, nature gave way, and my soul had certainly a desire to depart. Thou, God, seest every working of the soul, and knowest the conflict I for some time had with regard to death. I could not look forward to it with composure. I endeavoured to render myself familiar with it, but a fear to grapple with the last enemy so completely overpowered my mind, that I could never dwell upon its certain approach without a degree of tremour. But now, oh, my soul! show thy gratitude by *living* upon the threshold of the grave, give an undivided heart to Him who waits within the vail, thy forerunner, to perfect thy entrance into the mansions of bliss. Now, no fear remains, I still long to behold the glories of Immanuel, I long to see Him, who, I trust, has loved me with an everlasting love, —my heart responds to the song of the redeemed on high, and I would emulate their strain. But I know not how soon these precious moments may give place to the bitter fruits of sin. It is from this rebellious heart I desire to be free, then no principle will exist to dispute the will of my heavenly Father; then he will reign my all in all. Oh! for more faith to

feed continually from his fulness,—to live upon the bread from Heaven, that dear broken bread from Heaven. Lord quicken my relish for the heavenly manna. Oh, may I, according to thy covenant promise, eat and be satisfied!

I have within these few days received letters from home of a very cheering nature. My fearful, doubting heart, had begun to anticipate days of darkness to those beloved objects of my affections. I knew the trying situation in which they were placed with respect to secular concerns, and, not hearing as usual, I feared a still hotter furnace awaited them. But oh the riches of thy mercy! Gracious Father, pardon my hard thoughts of thee, they spring from an unbelieving heart, and what stronger proof can I give of utter depravity, for how worthy is the God of my mercies of unreserved confidence. My life has been one stream of mercy; from the loving kindness I have received, I might with sweet assurance rest upon the blessed truth, that nothing is too hard for the Lord. And strange it is, that with regard to myself I scarcely ever have an anxious moment; a glance upward dispels at once a thought for to-morrow. I feel myself in the hands of Jesus, and I would just hear his voice, leaving my personal all to be conducted and consummated by Him. But I have not yet learnt to give up the dear ties that bind me to my earthly home. The accounts I have just received reproach my sinful unbelief.

April 22*d.*—After going amongst the people for so many months, do I see anything of an encouraging nature, for much sin has for some time past abounded in Morningside? Alas! I fear not; my hopes and fears have been by turns excited, and I have often been disappointed. But, O Lord, the work is thine, thou,

and thou only canst make the dry bones live. We are but channels of thy mercy, and I a very, very feeble one; yet the work of saving grace may flow through one so wretched. Oh, the unspeakable privilege of being made a messenger of such mercy,—mercy at which the angels tune their harps and sound thy praise! The translation of an immortal soul from eternal darkness to the light of eternal day! Who can understand the full import of such a change? Time cannot unfold it, its glorious development is reserved for the blaze of an eternal day. Here sin shades the work of God; and so lost are we in the ruins of the fall, that we can only see in part,—nay, we can only bear a part,—more would overwhelm our weak minds. Oh! with what amazing indifference man passes over the stage of life. Nothing points out more clearly the total alienation of the heart from God; we know that we must die, but who lays it seriously to heart? Alas! we come into this world in the sleep of death, and a voice divine must speak to rouse us; all the natural propensities of the heart tend *from* God, because he is holy,—miserable condition! What a ray of hope the gospel sheds over the scene! It says, "Why will ye die? Turn unto me and your soul shall live." And blessed be God!—some do hear and receive the germ of an endless life. Infinite mercy, in the councils of eternity, has taken pity, and plucked them from the burning.

May 25th.—Heard to-day that dear Mr Stark, my spiritual father, had arrived in Edinbro', and will he acknowledge me now that I no longer belong to the state church? Sometimes I fear not,—at least as he once did. Well! the Lord's will be done. I feel a bitter pang at the thought that any thing should separate me from the affection of my father in Christ. I owe him

a love no other can claim; and I do love him, and bless the Lord, that though divided here below, in a little time, when mortality shall be swallowed up of life, we shall *be one*. O, the precious idea, "that they all may be one." In all my wanderings, this "*may be one*" sheds a peace and joy that turns my mourning into praise, and makes me bless the Lord in my sorrow. Nature pleads, it is true, and I feel a struggle to give up ties cemented by a twofold claim,—friendship and grace; but is not my adorable Saviour worthy of my whole heart? Is He not enough? Yes, an all-sufficient portion; and either doing or suffering, I willingly go forward, knowing that thou, Lord, wilt lead me through the wilderness, and wilt supply all my *needful* wants. Oh, how sweet to suffer for Christ,—he fills the soul with himself in these seasons, and then created comforts no longer satisfy. It is a sight of Jesus that sheds joy into the heart. He is the beloved of the believing soul,—"the chief among ten thousand,"—*the hope,—the all,—the portion* of his people. Happy, happy portion! happy people, "saved by the Lord!" How exalted they stand,—how high they rank amongst created intelligences! And how is it they have ascended thus? They rise in Jesus,—they are in him,—what he has done is theirs, and, though polluted in themselves, they are complete in him, their head and Saviour.

September 23d.—* * * I long to find no principle in my rebellious heart opposed to the whole will of my blessed Saviour. I would be devoted to his service, thirsting for his glory, and spending the unworthy remains of an unworthy life in promoting the interests of his kingdom. These are my desires to-night; but, alas! how little could raise a storm within—a cross—

a disappointment—a slight trial, could overset these sweet experiences of trust, of desired trust, and leave me a prey to a nature too prone to rebel—too much inclined to call in question—if not in words, yet by an unsubdued spirit—the dealings of my Lord and Master. Taking a view of my heart thus in its workings, how precious the atonement appears! I can do nothing; I am required to do nothing. Mercy infinite! How suitable the divine arrangements of our redemption are to our moral necessities, all in Christ! We have for asking for. His fulness contains every thing—for wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, redemption.

The numerous expressions of deep humiliation found in these pages, might induce the inexperienced and unreflecting reader, to infer the existence of more than an ordinary share of depravity of heart in the writer; the conclusion would doubtless be more just, that such a state of mind was the result of a right estimate of the requirements of the holy law of God. While preparing this volume for the press, an original letter of the Rev. John Brown, Haddington, incidentally came into the author's hands. He gladly avails himself of the owner's kind permission to print the document, which illustrates the very low estimate, which even this eminent man of God formed, of his own attainments in the divine life.

"Dear Friend,—I am the old man, still sinning, *in spite of* [the words in italics are substituted for an obsolete expression] trouble, conviction, and everything else. Only God can tell how inconsistent my sermons and my inward life before God are; and yet, after all, I cannot say he is a barren wilderness or land of drought. Even yesterday he seemed to make and enable me to

say Amen to the last clause of Zechariah xiii. 9. In short, my life is, or has been, a kind of perpetual strife between God and my soul. He strives to overcome my enmity and wickedness with his mercies, and I strive to overpower his mercy with my enmity and wickedness. Oh! astonishingly kind on his side, but worse than diabolically wicked on mine! After all, I wish and hope that He, not I, shall obtain the victory at last. Time not allowing me to enlarge, I conclude, requesting your earnest prayers for me, my congregation, and students. Alas! that they should have such a pastor and instructor as God knows me to be. One thing galls me with respect to my now departed consort, that I did so little towards the furtherance of her spiritual comfort and eternal salvation, and profited so little by her. Take heed you and Jenny play not the fool as I did.—Yours affectionately,

JOHN BROWN."

DIARY.

October 2d.—What a poor dependent creature I am,—how strangely I feel exercised to-day. I have felt an habitual longing of soul after God; I have felt a disposition to sit down at the foot of the cross, and have desired to find my soul calmly and confidently reposing there; yet I have not enjoyed settled peace; my mind has been agitated with doubt,—a view of sin has not had the effect it ought to have; instead of quickening me to flee to the atonement, I have rather rested in mourning over trangression. I seem to follow hard after God, but it cannot be in sincerity; for the Lord changes not his character of mercy. He delights in hearing and answering prayer; he even waits to be gracious; bids us ask that we may receive, believe and we shall live. It is not sensible comfort I seek, sweet

as this is to the soul—it is a simple dependence on the Lord Jesus for complete salvation; and do I feel no trust, no hope, in that blessed name? Let me look into my heart to-night;—what means this loathing of self, this wearying of the world, this going out of soul after unseen and heavenly things? Is it not because Jesus is precious—loved for what he is, and what he has done? Yes, surely I do love thee, O adorable Lamb! dishonouring as my weak faith is, still I feel my mind cling to that precious promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Whilst writing, my heart burns at the recollection of many similar passages, "The poor and needy shall not always be forgotten." "I am the bread of life, he that cometh to me shall never hunger, he that believeth on me shall never thirst." "I lay down my life for the sheep." "Come unto me," &c. "Because I live ye shall live also." "Only believe," &c. What a fountain of consolation our God has treasured up in scripture! Gracious Saviour, grant thy promise, and send the Spirit into my soul to work the work of faith with power. Lord, I take hold of thy word and plead it at thy feet, let thy strength be perfected in my weakness; help mine unbelief, and enable me to come as a child to thy fulness, glorifying thee by a lively, thankful, understanding confidence in thee, as the refuge, the righteousness, the source of all to the believer in his salvation. The power which begins, the power which carries on, and the power which consummates his victory.

10*th*.—Was enabled to speak with great plainness to a hardened sinner. Made him pass sentence upon himself. He appeared moved, after much parrying, and acknowledged he was a Sabbath-breaker, but argued that others did the same. I, however, convinced him

of the fallacy of this reasoning; at the judgment-seat we must stand alone. He had admitted that God had commanded us to keep that day holy, and allowed, in answer to a question to that effect, that the children of God would not, knowingly and wilfully, violate any of his commands. This was what I aimed at. It gave me the opportunity of immediately improving his admission by observing,—"Now let us apply this to ourselves. The grand question is,—Are we then walking as the children of God, or the children of the wicked one? for one or the other we must be; there is no intermediate description of character either in this world, or that to come. You and I, Mr B——, are either children of God or the children of the devil. Awful thought!—but it is in vain to fly from it. This very night, nay, this very moment, our souls may be required of us; and what would it profit us if we had gained the whole world and lost our souls?" He was touched, Oh! may the Spirit send these few imperfect remarks with power to his heart and make him—long habituated to drink in iniquity like water—a monument of mercy, a tree of righteousness, transplanted from the soil of nature to the garden of the Lord.

November 8th.—Have been permitted to enter this morning upon a new sphere of promised usefulness in Morningside. Think, my soul, of the additional responsibility that devolves upon thee. Have I presumptuously taken it upon me? I humbly trust I have not, I think my desire is to win souls to Christ. The moral condition of the people generally in the village and neighbourhood is truly depraved, and has led me to serious consideration as to what, or if anything, could be adapted to counteract the influence of so much sin, or weaken its hold on the minds of those so awfully under its

power. To form a class for the instruction of such poor children as are left destitute of that privilege by their unworthy parents, seemed to me most likely to attain the desired end; and I am truly grateful to the Lord for influencing the hearts of dear Mr and Mrs R—— to give me their assistance in carrying the object into effect. I met sixteen dear children to-day—sixteen precious immortal souls that are to live for ever. Oh, what a thought! How would it make me shrink from the charge, did I not know assuredly that the Lord works by the weakest instruments, and often chooses them, that the glory may return to him. This animates me,—in every duty I am inclined to faint when I look to myself. When I begin to explain the truths of revelation, I seem as if I knew nothing. My feelings, my desires, what are they? They are not *yearnings* of soul. Lord, rouse me to feel the spiritual death of the multitudes around me, and do thou prepare me especially for a faithful discharge of duty to my new charge. Teach *me* that I may have to give to the children,—instruct me in the mysteries of thy kingdom, and enable me clearly and simply to state the gospel of thy dear Son, that their young hearts may be interested, and through thy Spirit, made savingly acquainted with its power in the love of it. Bless this portion of thy vineyard; insignificant in the eye of man, it is not disregarded by the high and holy one; let thy presence be felt in the midst of us; may the benign influence of divine truth dissipate the darkness that pervades this unhappy place: let the cross of Jesus be lifted up, and may this small effort to direct the rising generation to look to it, and receive the blessings of salvation, be watered by the dew of heaven, that many a desert heart may be fertilized, and changed into the garden

of the Lord. Oh, the value of but one soul! who can tell it? I desire to think of this, to forget my weakness, and to seek the blessed privilege of working, though in the humblest capacity, in the vineyard of the Lord. Oh, to spend and be spent for him! to live for his glory.

1835. *January 12th.*—Was called yesterday to see a sister in the church in great affliction both of mind and body, (from anxiety on account of a beloved daughter who is labouring under aberration of mind); dwelling upon her state as a sinner, and despairing of mercy. Was shocked to see the effect produced upon Mrs ——. Oh, my God, make me sensible of the blessing of a sound mind, and may I be humbled to see to what a pitiable state we should be reduced if left by thee to ourselves, or the power of the enemy of souls. The appearance of my friend is still before me. Her inquiring gaze, her desponding accents, her want of resignation, evidently showed a mind sunk under the pressure of anxiety, and borne down by the weakened state of her body. Lord, speak peace to her troubled spirit. I endeavoured to call her attention to the power of the Lord to strengthen and comfort the mind under the severest trouble. I reminded her that our sufferings come from his hand, who does all things well; yet she seemed to refuse all comfort, unless her daughter were restored to her. Oh, how blessed to be kept in peace, to rest upon Jesus, to have our hope in him, and to be enabled to trust our all in his hands! May I esteem my privileges more than ever I have done. Oh my God, keep me in thy fear, and suffer me not to fix my affections on any created ties, so as to rebel against thee, if thou seest fit to lay thine hand upon them; my all is thine, and was so before it was lent to me by

mercy. May I put a blank in thy hand as to their disposal; let me be solicitous chiefly about their eternal interests, looking forward beyond this blighting wilderness, to that land where the redeemed will, without fear of sin, enjoy the society and affection of those dear to them in Jesus for ever.

January 24th.— * * * * I sink into the creature, when my soul might, and ought to be, feasting on uncreated divine love. With what shame and contrition of heart do I retrace many of my past steps,—what self-sufficiency,—what vain thoughts,—what pride,—what a want of humble dependence, and what cold and languid affections! For several days I have been unable to realize the things of eternity. I have read the blessed word, but it has failed to warm my heart; its promises and its threatenings have fallen alike pointless to the ground; I have prayed over it for divine light; but even Calvary's cross, that sight at which angels might weep, has not warmed me;—now, O my compassionate Father, I see the cause,—self, hateful self, has been an active principle in my fancied endeavours to seek for thee, and to serve thee. And have I not yet learned my feebleness and my nothingness?—do I still trifle with the love that rebukes, that it may not condemn? Fearful state! and yet it has been mine,—mine, on whom the windows of heaven have opened with showers of mercy. Wonderful love, that bears with such perversity! Yet I feel Jesus the physician of my soul; though rebellious, and scarcely sensible of my downward course, he has pitied me, helped me, and poured the oil of comfort into my wounded spirit. Oh, the blessedness of feeling him near, of knowing that he loves me, as I humbly hope he does! How great the peace he pours into the

soul that looks to him by faith! I may well exclaim, blessed are all they that put their trust in him;—not that I can say that my trust has been anything but the feeble breathing of a wish to trust my God; yet even that imperfect aspiration he has heard, and enabled me to cast myself at the foot of the cross, again renouncing every resting-place, every arm of man, and entreating that every thought might be purified, every action directed by his Spirit, and my will completely moulded into his will. I could, and I do bless him for this, and every trial. I often seem to myself, as if I compelled my Father to chasten me by my abuse of his mercies. My way must be hedged up, and thorns planted thickly on every side, else I should wander still farther, and perhaps never find the sheep's pasture any more. Let me give glory, then, to my Shepherd's care; he keeps me within a fold from which I can never finally break.

I long to be filled with Jesus. Oh, it is sweet; it is unspeakably precious to drink at the fountain head. Lord give me thyself—everything else fails of satisfying the soul; nay, the very possession of other things tends to rob thee of thy right to have my entire heart. I find that, just in proportion as I look to things seen, I lose my sense of things unseen; enable me, then, blessed Lord, to shake off the remains of the flesh,—to live beneath the droppings of the cross,—to spend the powers of my body and my mind in thy service, and to desire in every thing, and by every means, to promote thy glory. I beseech thee to teach and to guide me; thou knowest my circumstances; thou knowest how much I need counsel and wisdom from on high. Oh, keep me from vain self-confidence; and whilst I would be faithful to my con-

science, and faithful to thee, suffer me not to offend unnecessarily any of thy dear children. Thou knowest I would not willingly do it, especially dear Mr R——; for though in some things we see thy will differently, yet I love him and esteem him very highly for thy sake; few, in my opinion, bear so much of thy image; our diversity of sentiment on some points makes not the slightest difference; I can love him just the same; he holds his views conscientiously, and I love him for that the more. Oh, that there were more of his spirit! Lord, I here would beseech a blessing, a rich blessing, upon him and his. Pour down from thy fulness the refreshing influence of thy Spirit, and make him a light to guide many to the land of peace. Precious land of peace! Thy stroke has led me to look to that time and place, when thy dear people, no longer harrassed by Satan, and no longer separated by sin, shall be of one heart; when, having dropped the corruption that threw a shade over their communion on earth, they will unite in one song, and be filled with but one feeling; and that will be—LOVE.

CHAPTER IV.

WOMAN, gentle woman, has a heart
Fraught with the sweet humanities of life;
Swayed by no selfish aim, she bears her part
In all our joys and woes; in pain and strife
Fonder and still more faithful! when the smart
Of care assails the bosom, or the knife
Of "keen endurance" cuts us to the soul,
First to support us, foremost to console!

Oh! what were man, in dark misfortune's hour,
Without her cherishing aid? A nerveless thing,
Sinking ignobly 'neath the passing power
Of every blast of fortune. She can bring
A balm for each deep wound. As when the shower
More heavily falls, the birds of eve will sing
In richer notes; sweeter is woman's voice
When through the storm it bids the soul rejoice.

* * * *

A. A. Watts.

THE sentiments expressed in the end of the last chapter on the subject of union among Christians, were those on which she continued to act through life. Undeterred by the frown of man, and by the prospect of increasing difficulties and embarrassments, she had experienced the *afflictions* and the *joys* of taking up the cross; and though she maintained with decision the opinions she conceived to be according to the authority of scripture, she never sought to *obtrude* points of controversy upon others; this she avoided, justly considering it a line of conduct unlikely to produce conviction;

and feeling, at the same time, how much more important are the points on which Christians are agreed than those on which they differ.

She allowed no sectarian,—no denominational feeling to obstruct her intercourse with the disciples of her Saviour, to whatever communion they belonged. Where she saw the image of Christ most powerfully reflected, there her best affections were ready to flow out; and with many a lowly follower of the Lamb has she enjoyed seasons of sweet converse, as they anticipated together "a throne and a crown, and a harp of glory, and a union with seraphim and cherubim, the moment the hitherto imprisoned spirit has escaped from its earthly tabernacle;—and then, through all the ages of eternity, to be undergoing a perpetual transformation from glory to glory."

All who consistently professed the name of the Redeemer were endeared to her by the remembrance that they were peculiarly the objects of *her* and *their* Father's everlasting love—redeemed by the same Saviour—having a principle of holiness rooted in their hearts gradually increasing, and destined finally to obtain a complete victory over the love and power of sin—sharing in a common conflict with that corruption that strives to overpower the principle of grace—possessing the same blessed fruits of the Spirit in love to God, patience under trial, and faith in the great and precious promises—having the world under their feet, and a heavenly inheritance in view.—Surely when the Christian reflects on those points of identity which constitute so close a bond of union among the children of the kingdom, and remembers that with such, he will ere long be associated in "singing the hallelujahs of heaven," he will be constrained to regard non-essentials as occupying an undue

place, when permitted to keep asunder those whom the love of the truth ought to unite in the most endearing bonds.

DIARY.

February 2*d*.—Heard of a death of a very distressing nature;—an old woman (Mrs ——), and one that had lived a wretched life, ill only eight days, and gave no signs of a saving change. How many are hastening into eternity without hope! Oh, that more zeal, more love, animated the followers of Jesus! This poor woman had none to direct her, in her last solemn moments, to the Lamb of God, "that taketh away the sin of the world." Christians should not be content to attend when they are called to visit the sick and dying; they should labour to seek out such as are wandering from the right way. May I learn a lasting lesson here.

5th.—Heard of a person in the neighbourhood in a dying state, and called to inquire after her, hoping to be invited in, which I was; and found the invalid far gone in dropsy. From what little I could elicit in conversation, I fear much her mind is far from a desirable state. As she begged me to call again, I shall have an opportunity of knowing more of her feelings. Lord grant she may be resting on the only sure foundation laid in Zion.

6th.—To-day I have been much impressed with the melancholy condition of the unconverted world. I seem as if I were living for myself alone. What am I doing for Christ,—what for my poor, perishing fellow sinners? Last night I was led to plead earnestly, if agreeable to the purposes of the divine will,

that I might be honoured to do something more, than my present feeble labours seem to effect in the Lord's vineyard. Oh, to be the instrument of saving but one soul! Lord, stir me up to more exertion. I can, at least, appear on their behalf before thy throne. Oh, for a more vivid apprehension of a coming eternity; my feet would then be swift to warn others to flee from the wrath to come. The state of the Christian Church also presses heavily upon my heart sometimes. The children of the kingdom are devouring one another,—sad triumph for Satan. In how many ways he gains the advantage, and never more surely than when he appears as an angel of light. But blessed be God, his reign will ere long end. I mourn also the slumber that seems to possess the Church of Christ, and added to that, the worldly spirit so prevalent amongst professors. I see few who act as if they had tasted that the Lord is gracious; they seem rather to expect too large a portion of their happiness from the world; they go into it, they mingle in its pleasures, and this, of course, proves where their treasure is. To point out the evils of the practice is in vain. Reasons, either real or imaginary, are at hand, and conscience, under the plea of expediency, is easily silenced. In sisterly love I have endeavoured to stem the current, but divine power must show the fatal rock; may it be exerted before it be too late, ere judgment succeed to mercy. I have felt the rod to-day, but bless the Lord for it, O my soul, bless him for his care and mercy. It was a light stroke, but it bid me pause, and consider who had sent it. It is sweet to feel a father's hand.

7th.—I desire to acknowledge thy goodness, Oh Lord, in connexion with my class in Morningside. The children continue to attend, and I think I see a con-

siderable improvement in all of them. They are much more attentive, and many of them listen very eagerly to the remarks made upon the portion of Scripture they have been reading. One or two were softened even to tears. Speaking of Jesus, they appeared to drink in the words. Oh, what efficacy in that precious name! I am often struck with the power it possesses of arresting the attention when every means fails. I feel encouraged to hope that the Lord is about to seal his word to some of my dear charge. *His* is the power; deeply do I feel *that;* my own weakness would keep down my faith, but I endeavour to look above the poor earthen vessel. Thou pitying Saviour, visit this thy vine, shed the rays of thy love over these tender shoots, and engraft them into thyself—the true vine. Oh, how would my soul adore thy goodness to me in my labours so far; what am I that thou shouldest honour me with a share in the privilege of proclaiming thy salvation? May it add fresh vigour to my zeal, may it stir up my languid feelings, and increase my faith. Blessed Jesus, whose meat and drink it was to do the Father's will, grant me a portion of thy spirit. May I long for the conversion of souls, and earnestly long for thy glory.

10*th*.—Called again for ——, but found her so weak I could scarcely draw an idea from her. A solemn scene! Lord grant that my lamp may not want oil when my time for laying down my clay tabernacle is come.

16*th*.—Saw the person above mentioned, but her weakness had increased so much she could only show, by an inclination of the head, that she knew me. I spoke, but a habitual drowsiness had for some days hung over her, and made her insensible to what was passing around her, except when roused by her attendants.

Oh, that man, unthinking man, should put from himself thoughts of death until he can no longer elude his grasp!

Called to see Mrs ——. Very poorly. Speaks in general terms of the mercy of God. Applies the promises to herself, but I fear much has never experienced a saving change. I doubt she has never been united to Christ, and knows nothing of his preciousness, nor the power of his blood to cleanse the soul.

17*th.*— * * * Oh, when shall I live upon the bread of life? In moments of languid faith, so dishonouring to divine grace, Satan would tempt me to put aside the word, till in a better frame of mind. Delusive bait, and one against which I find it hard to struggle; but I remember the injunction, "resist the devil and he will flee from thee," and blessed be my gracious God, I find the arch-enemy too weak to prevail when Jesus is near. In prayer I have also much to struggle against; a cold state of feeling often appears an argument sufficient to keep me from a throne of grace, and if I stay to *reason* the point with myself, I am sure to be overcome. But generally, in much mercy, I am enabled to throw myself, just as I am, at a mercy seat, where he who knows our conflicts, and has a fellow feeling in our sufferings, compassionates my poor helpless state, and seldom permits me to rise from my knees without some token of his love—without pouring into my soul strength, and a sweet assurance of reconciliation and peace. Wonder, ye angels that do his commandments, that hearken to the voice of his word! Ye may, and will behold his transcendent glory, yet never, never, will *ye* feel his dying, his bleeding love. It is reserved for man, rebellious, ungrateful man, to taste the height and depth, and length and breadth, of a Redeemer's love. Oh, that this were

written by the Spirit of God on the living tablets of my heart; that the covenant of peace on our behalf were unceasingly the object of my thoughts, and regulated every feeling! But how are these breathings consistent with the unholy tenor of my walk and conversation? Last night I was forcibly struck with the recollection of that solemn truth, "the righteous scarcely are saved." We are told the way is narrow, and the gate strait. What a call to ponder my way, to gird up the loins of my mind, and to see that my calling and election are sure. My enemies are many. In the clift of the rock I am safe, and whilst sheltered under the cover of thy righteousness, and bathed in the fountain of thy blood; bless me, even me, by making thy goodness pass before me. On the Lord's day I experienced the Lord's goodness. I went to the sanctuary, dark and uncomfortable in my mind, but oh, how was my darkness chased away by the beams of the sun of righteousness. In the first hymn, Jesus poured light into my soul. Blessed moments of communion with the Lord. Oh! that I should preserve so little of its influence; every moment I need a renewal or I faint by the way.

March 31*st.*—Received kindness from the family. Lord reward them, bless each of them in Christ. Got comfort from Mr R——'s spiritual conversation, always a word to say for his God and Saviour; as nails fastened in a sure place, his remarks edify and greatly refresh my soul. May he continue to grow in grace and ripen daily for glory. My young charge improves, I trust, in human learning; for this I bless the Lord; but I would seek better things than these for her, I would seek her salvation. May the truths she hears and reads be fixed upon her heart, and may she be brought into the fold of the gracious Shepherd. Oh, for more ear-

nestness about her, more fervour at a throne of mercy! Felt anxious about my beloved home, but enabled to commit them into the hands of their God and my God, of their Father and my Father. He will bless them, he will guide them. Heard something that vexed and disappointed me; felt much resentment, but was composed and subdued in praying for the person who had wounded me. I bless the Lord for no feeling but that of love; I think, at least, I have no other towards her. Oh, how gracious is the yoke of Jesus, it melts to love!

April 14th.—This morning I was able to be up much sooner than my usual time. It was a very precious season. Had sweet communion with my Father in Christ Jesus. I scarcely ever remember being able to plead with such freedom in the spirit of adoption. I could look up with filial trust, and say, Abba Father. Blessed moments, when the Spirit bears witness with our spirits that we are the children of God; and I trust the breathings of my soul were dictated by him who is promised as our intercessor, and who takes of the things of our Surety with the Father, and reveals them in their efficacy to our souls. It was viewing what Jesus had done that gave me boldness; it was looking to the cross that filled me with peace and joy. I felt as if my spirit would ascend and mingle with those of just men made perfect, and wept in adoring gratitude at the feet of him who poured out his soul for such a transgressor. The portions of scripture I read were Isaiah lviii. and Heb. vii.; each of which came with power to my soul. A celestial light seemed to shed a sacred radiance on every word. I felt that Jesus could save to the uttermost, and I could bear testimony to that precious promise, "The Lord shall guide thee continually," &c. Faith was in exercise, so that I

could lay hold on all these rich treasures as mine, and mine for ever. I knew from past experience that the Lord does direct the paths of them that put their trust in him,—I could say, he never does leave, he never does forsake ; and I had a sweet confidence, a joyful assurance, that having brought me so far on in the wilderness, he would not leave me to perish by the way. Oh, blessed Saviour !—that procured these privileges, these exalted hopes, for rebels, such as I am ; that procured them, and by what ? even by the rent veil of thy flesh : it was thy tears of anguish that made way for these tears of joy ; it was thine agony that brought the hope of pardon, and gives rise to the peace that fills my soul. All, all was laid on thee, precious Lamb ; when justice demanded a satisfaction, the sword of vengeance smote the shepherd that the sheep might live. Oh, for a more lively apprehension of this mystery, of this transcendent love ! (Obliged to give up writing, could only snatch a few moments now and then to write at all.)

15*th*.—Another of the inhabitants of Morningside in a dying state, Miss ——. No concern, I fear, for her eternal interests ; she seemed not to wish to hear any thing on the subject. Oh, unhappy condition ! Lord, stir up thy people to more zeal for thyself and their fellow-men. This is a most neglected place. From the size of the parish, the parish minister cannot often see his people in their homes ; and no missionary ever comes near us ; no one seems to care for the souls of the inhabitants of a place, the wretchedness of which ought to be a plea for more of a Christian's and a christian minister's attention and prayers. And why are not dissenters more at their post,—individual Christians as well as ministers ? Why do they not act up to their

principles ? and prove that the tendency of these principles is to enlarge the heart, not to confine it within the limits of a system, but to give it an impulse that takes in the universe of man, and seeks to make all, not professors only, but believers and Christians. In this way voluntaries should advocate their positions, and such a demonstration would do far more towards establishing conviction in the minds of men, than all the angry discussions, and bitter feelings, that have issued from the pens and lips of both parties.

May 19th.— * * * The word was blessed to me, I could read it as my portion. I heard a father's voice, I felt a father's love in the passages to which my attention was directed. Oh, how triumphant when, in the accents of faith, the soul can exclaim,— These unsearchable riches are mine ; for I am Christ's, and Christ is God's. Well may the soldier of the cross gird on his armour and joyfully follow the Captain of salvation,—well may he part with all to serve under such a leader. Affliction may follow hard upon affliction, but the believer in Jesus has peace within, so can I set to my seal, Oh, gracious Saviour !—my soul has been lifted up above the deep waters through which I have had to pass. At this moment I am living almost as though alone in this world, the ties of nature severed, and those of grace in many cases broken ; but am I forsaken ? Oh, no ; thy comforts within me refresh my soul. I have more in thee than worlds could give me, and I have more happiness in thy will than all created intelligences could bestow. I am content to go as thou wouldst lead me, only let me have thy presence, and let me feel thee near. I know that I am weak, but thou art strong. I am often ready to faint, but thou canst support me. I am tempted to apply to

broken cisterns for comfort, but, oh, keep me at the fountain of living waters ; and let me drink of the river of thy pleasures, those pleasures that are at thy right hand for ever more.

Sept. 25th.—Another week is drawing to a close ; to-morrow is the blessed Sabbath, the resurrection of our blessed Lord. Oh ! the rich grace of him that said, " I lay down my life for the sheep ;" this is my hope, the anchor of my soul ; he died for the ungodly. Glory my soul in thine infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon thee. And now I desire to retire from the world, and prepare for the holy duties of the morrow. How I fear the distraction of mind to which I am so prone, under which I so often suffer on the Lord's day ! I pray, Lord, that I may go up seeking to meet *with thee*. I pray that I may keep my eye fixed upon what thou shalt say to me, waiting at thy gate, thirsting for the water of life,—and let the services of thy house be as manna to my soul, and may I go from it rejoicing. Bless thy word to all thy dear people ; may the love of Christ animate each soul, and may we unite together in that spirit of sympathy, which is a foretaste of that union which binds in one interest the family on high. Our dear pastor I would particularly plead for, that he may be enriched by the spirit of all holy influences, and be the happy and honoured channel of reproof or comfort to the saints, and conversion to sinners. May he be much comforted by the God of consolation ; may he find his afflictions sanctified, and his hopes become brighter as he approaches the end of his pilgrimage.

30th.—Have been glancing over all the way by which the Lord has led me ; and now I would record that mercy and goodness have followed me all the

days of my life. It is three years, the 16th of this month, since I was added to a branch of the Church of Christ. Shortly before that I left my native country, and my father's house, not knowing what should befall me,—without a friend but the mighty God of Jacob. I had to wait for a time in this dreary wilderness; and though then I could not see before me, nor understand,—being able only to rest in God, saying to my soul, "*be still*," *now* I feel that all has been well. I have seen mountains levelled, crooked things made straight; I have felt the arm of Omnipotence sustaining me; and though my heart has been disposed to rebel, he has borne with me, has preserved me, and blessed me with providential comforts and rich tokens of his grace.

December 3d.—Oh, how shall I record the goodness of my God to me since I last wrote in this record of my mercies and my sins. In a variety of ways I have felt him near, and guiding me with a tender hand, whilst with perverse heart, I have followed, and often lingered in, forbidden pursuits of pleasure. Thou knowest, O my compassionate forbearing God and Father, how my affections have been exercised for many many months lately,—not that the nature of those feelings was sinful, but the undue influence of them,—to the exclusion often of him who alone is worthy of our hearts, and whom I have still found *the first* object, whose favour I would not resign for worlds. Bitterly do I mourn the wanderings of my mind; and now would I entreat the Lord to command my every power, every faculty, every feeling. Now would I proclaim his goodness! In a way which I knew not, truly has he led me; but oh how has his mercy crowned me in the end! He enabled me to

forsake brethren, friends, and home, for his word's sake ; and soon, if spared, I shall experience the promise annexed to that sacrifice. I shall receive a hundred fold in the nearest and dearest connexion that pertains to an earthly state. Lord fill my mouth with praise ; what shall I render to thee for this and every benefit ? My heart is unworthy thy acceptance ; but O my God, sanctify and meeten it now for thy service here, and at length, in the blessed abode of thy children on high. Here would I look up for grace to prepare me for the right discharge of the duties to which I shall soon be called. The happiness of one individual, at least, will depend much upon me. * * * * I tremble whilst I rejoice. Lord undertake for me, and grant that as heirs of eternal life we may travel together through the wilderness. * * * Thou hast given me a guide, and one able to help me forward in my christian course. Oh, may our every aim be simply to advance thy glory ! Precious thought, that our union will not extend merely as long as this clay tabernacle holds together, but—sweet, sweet assurance—it will, I trust, be for ever,—yes, for ever. Bless the Lord, O my soul : what am I that the Lord should show such mercy ? The answer must be—*Jesus pleads.*

April 2d.—Left Woodburn, after a domicile of three years, and left it in peace and perfect satisfaction on all sides. Felt much at leaving my sphere of christian labour, but hope the Lord will open up others in its place. I have endeavoured to sow the seed of divine truth, and I will not despair of hearts the most depraved. I ought not,—and I dare not,—because the promise is annexed to the testifying of the word, and because the efficacy is not mine but God's. We

are mere channels of communication, and must pray as we scatter; but we know that, whilst we are made to feel that no part of *saving* work can be ours,—yet, as *means* we may, by the power of God, win souls to Jesus. Oh, may this conviction, whilst it humbles me, stimulate me to renewed yearning of heart over a world of iniquity and ruin.

The mutual regard subsisting between herself and the respected family with whom she was thus providentially brought in contact, did not cease on her finally leaving Woodburn. The cordial affection that united the teacher and the pupil remained undiminished, long after the discontinuance of such a connexion; and several letters, in the possession of her dear young friend, can testify the earnest solicitude habitually manifested for her best and eternal interests. One of these letters, kindly furnished by the party to whom it was addressed, though written some years after, it may be not inappropriate to introduce here :—

"My Dear J——,—I received your note yesterday with feelings of the deepest gratitude. If you indeed 'love Christ,' my prayers are answered, and my anxieties —past, but not forgotten,—are all repayed in the accomplishment of my heart's desire, even your salvation. Truly I rejoice over you, as I trust the feelings you express spring from the germ of eternal life within you, and I pray that the God of all grace may keep you by

his mighty power, till you appear before him in Zion. I must, however, in pursuing my reply to your interesting communication, use the privilege of one who has been long in the school of experience, and throw out a few hints on points, the consideration of which I have found beneficial to myself, and which are not likely to occur to the mind in the early stages of our christian race. In the first place, I would warn you against self-deception. Oh! my dear J——, in a matter of so much importance, *search* well the *ground* of your hope. In an age when it is respectable, nay, even fashionable to be religious, it is absolutely necessary to keep before us continually the scripture assurance,—that Satan can, and does, transform himself into an angel of light; to be on our guard against his devices, and to remember that much, very much of the profession we see in the world, is, alas, that by which he lulls souls to their destruction. See, then, in the first instance, that your sins have been pardoned through the blood of the cross,—that you have found mercy there; then being justified by faith, you will have peace with him, who though a just God, yet can and does justify those who believe in Jesus. But this is only the new birth,—the infancy of discipleship; and,—whilst you must take with you into every step of life the spirit or tone of mind in which you first cast yourself as a sinner upon Jesus,—you have to advance in the transformation of your character, and to become like God 'holy, for he is holy;' now this you know is sanctification effected by the Spirit of God, operating with your obedience or willingness. At the feet of Jesus you have all this to learn, and He alone can tell you *how much* he means by "taking up your cross," by "denying yourself," by giving up the world, by cultivating the mind which was in himself, by grow-

ing in meetness for heaven. The moment an individual is born of God, that moment his affections are changed, his relationships are changed also, his hopes are in heaven, his home is there too. He no longer wishes to live to himself, for he is no longer his own ; and feels that he must at the great final day account for every moment committed to his charge—for every degree of influence given him for his own improvement, and that of perishing souls around him. This is in fact to be like his Divine Head, whose life was devoted to doing his Father's will, and who in his self-denying love to mankind, gave us an example that we should follow in his steps. My dear young friend, if you have put on Christ Jesus, rejoice,—for he bids you do so—in his righteousness, yes in *Him*, you are dead to the law ; but O remember, you are under a power that appeals not only to every faculty of the understanding, but to every feeling of the heart. *He gave himself for you.* This is surely enough, and if allowed due influence in the mind, will lead you to aim at perfect obedience. I trust you do not neglect self-examination,—it is a christian duty, and by it you will discern more and more of your real character, and the deep depravity of your heart, an insight *there* will lead to deep humiliation, and be the best safeguard against the vanities and snares of a deceitful world ; a conflict will of course ensue, and you must never for a moment lose sight of the fact, that of ourselves we can do nothing, absolutely nothing, whilst through Christ strengthening us we can do all things ; and if we abide in him, we shall bring forth not a little fruit, but much fruit to the glory of the Father. Seek, then, dear J——, to have every part of your life moulded by the word of God, and may you be able to say that you are crucified to the world,

—that it is not you who live but Christ that liveth in you; so that whether you live you may live to the Lord, or whether you die you may die to the Lord,—that living or dying you may be the Lord's. I have extended my note to an unusual length, but the feelings that have prompted me you understand, and you will, I know, receive it in the same spirit in which it comes, from one who hopes to meet you before the eternal throne. I have been obliged to write in the midst of interruptions, which will account for the number of interlineations. I feel indeed half-disposed to write another note, and yet I may not be more fortunate, as I cannot often command my time. Present our warmest regards to your domestic circle, and praying that your path may be as the shining light, believe me, &c."

"*4th March* 1842."

Of the various features of character that have been developed to the reader, by the perusal of the preceding pages, none is more observable, than a scrupulous conscientiousness in the discharge of the various relative duties of life. The following quotation from a note addressed to her (intended) sister-in-law, just before quitting Woodburn, illustrates her deep sense of the responsibility involved in the connexion she had the prospect of forming in a few weeks:—

* * * "Well! my dear Mrs G——, your remark is just, I feel the full force of my situation. New duties are about to open before me, and Oh, how many mercies! I shall need grace from on high to

improve them aright, and to enable me to look above them all to Him who ought to reign supreme in our affections. He still says give *me* thine heart, but it is no small difficulty to keep the creature in its proper place, especially to one who has so long been a stranger to any but the ordinary sympathies of nature. It seems like a dream that I shall again be privileged to share in the enjoyments of confidence and love. I have often thought that the remainder of my earthly sojourn was to be, in the literal sense of the term, as a stranger, but how truly may I say, that I have been led by a way that I knew not; in spite of my rebellion the Lord has been ordering my steps in a '*right way*.' When I look back I see that all has been mercy, when I look forward, with adoring gratitude I would ever exclaim, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for his benefits?' It is true I have passed through a hot furnace, and have felt it no easy matter to say, 'Peace; be still.' Yet the assurance, that all shall work together for good to them that love God, has been a great comfort; and indeed I have found that in proportion to my faith in this and other 'great and precious promises,' so have been my peace and joy. But where am I wandering? I certainly forget that I am merely writing a note. * * * "

In a letter, addressed to the author,—when suffering from illness,—dated, "*Woodburn, 9th March*," she thus writes:—

"In this vale of tears, what a balm to know that the Lord does not willingly afflict. If we are adopted children, we may expect a Father's rod, and my conscience tells me that I merit all, and far more than I can suffer here; yet nature shrinks from trial. Well

may the Christian sigh for that state, when not only sin itself, but the effects of it, will cease to distress his spirit for ever. I trust the hopes of this better inheritance will cheer and support us, whatever Divine Providence may mingle in our lot. The bitter will become sweet, if perfumed with the tree of Calvary. At this moment I am inclined to say, *anything, anything, only spare,* but alas! we often know not what we ask, and should rather pray for submission,—that God may be glorified in us, and by us, during our suffering His will. * * * * I know my anxiety is sinful, and I try to remember that God is love, but those beautiful lines of Cowper are very applicable,—

> 'Sweet truth, and easy to repeat,
> But when my faith is sharply tried,
> I find myself a learner yet,
> Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.'

It is late,—I must say, good night. I trust while I am writing you are enjoying the repose which Jesus alone can give. A season of sanctified sickness is one in which the soul has very near access to God. May you be enabled to enter into all the privileges to which as *a son* you are entitled, and which Jehovah will not withhold as "*Abba, Father.*" * * *

The bustle of preparation—that usually precedes the celebration of a marriage in almost every grade of society—does not appear to have withdrawn her thoughts from the theme on which she loved to dwell. She thus writes from Hull, whither she had gone early in the month of April.

April 28th.— * * * How sad that our best blessings often draw our hearts away from the giver, instead of uniting us more closely to him; let us pray

for each other, and that, while it strengthens the tie that unites us, will keep alive the love we owe to our supreme benefactor and father. * * * In a few days the most eventful period of our lives will have passed, may it be a preparation for a better union in a better home.

The anticipated union took place a few days subsequent to the last date, on a bright May morning (the 3d of the month), in Sculcoats church, in the vicinity of Hull, and in the end of the same week, on arriving in Edinburgh, she was greeted with a cordial welcome from the friends of her future home, who, though their knowledge of her character was but of comparatively recent date, had seen enough to win a large portion of their love and esteem. And here it may not be out of place, as affording a testimony to the power of divine grace, to record a fact which, while it adds poignancy to the grief of separation, also forms a source of delightful contemplation to him who, of a numerous circle of attached friends, has most cause to mourn her loss. He can say with truth, that—from the hour that witnessed the formation of the nearest and dearest of earthly ties, till the sad moment that dissolved the bond, —never, in the intercourse of married life, was there one reproachful or unkind word permitted to escape the lips of the companion of his joys and sorrows for the period of nearly eight years, during which he was privileged to enjoy her society.

The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, was indeed hers in a pre-eminent degree, and her religion was of such a description as to produce an influential effect on her conduct, as exhibited in the details of every day

life, while it diffused a cheerful piety over her whole character and demeanour. It may possibly be inferred, from the many expressions of deep humiliation in the sight of her Heavenly Father to be found in the preceding pages, that this state of mind produced a tone of melancholy or gloom in her disposition and manner. Such a supposition is far from correct; on the contrary, for those of the family who were often abroad, a smile of cheerful welcome and affection was ever ready, at the hour when business and other avocations permitted their return to a (once) happy home. So soon as circumstances permitted the diary was resumed.

CHAPTER V.

We miss them when the board is spread ;
We miss them when the prayer is said ;
Upon our dreams their dying eyes,
In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings vain,
Trouble no more the heart and brain ;
The sadness of this aching love
Dims not our Father's house above.

Mrs Hemans.

If, fixing in silent despair on the tomb,
The eye of the mourner be dim,
The Comforter, pitying, shall point through the gloom,
To the spirit in glory with him.

Z.

DIARY.

1836. *June 1st.—Frederick Street, Edinburgh.*—Engagements of various kinds have prevented me commencing a record of each day's experience since my tent was pitched in this corner of the wilderness. Now I desire to be faithful to myself and my God, and by his help note down what I would record of his goodness, and what I am enabled to see of the innate depravity of my heart, and those sins and shortcomings which ought to keep me humble, watchful, of a broken spirit, and sitting at the feet of Jesus. But where shall

I begin, how shall I attempt to enumerate my mercies? they are more in number than my poor sinful memory can retain, goodness and mercy have indeed flowed in upon me, and now upon Pisgah's top, on the mount of God's greatest, best of blessings, I would renew the dedication of myself to his service, and look forward to the fruition of his adorable self, in the upper world of ineffable glory. In looking into my heart what do I behold? the little I see makes me tremble, and when I glance back, I feel tempted to doubt of God's acceptance of my professions of repentance through his dear Son. But, oh, let me not add to my past iniquity by dishonouring views of him whose ways are not as our ways, and whose attribute is love. I feel it is all love, —love to the chief of sinners for Jesus sake, and this speaks peace. Oh, how wonderful, how passing wonder, that one so wretched, so every way provoking by sin, should be blessed with this hope, and yet I feel the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse from all sin! I feel a hope that inspires me with some degree of confidence towards God, and whilst like Mary I would weep streams of contrite sorrow,—like Peter, I think I can *lisp* at least, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee,"—and well ought I to love thee, blessed Saviour, for all my comforts flow through the agony of thy cross; and here let me acknowledge in the deepest, most grateful accents of my heart, thy last best earthly blessing—the gift of a dear child of thine as a companion, a guide, a fellow-traveller to the rest on high. What shall I say,—what can I say of divine love?—after a life like mine, a wanderer, and almost without a bosom on which to rest mine often weary head, well may the happiness to which I am now admitted overcome me! But oh! my gracious compassionate

Father, is anything too hard for thee? In this dispensation I think I see a fulfilment of the promise contained in Mark x. 29, 30,—not that I believe we are warranted to look for a literal fulfilment of every promise,—by no means,—yet when the Lord is pleased to manifest his power, shall I refuse to acknowledge to trace the goodness of his hand, to behold and to acknowledge his salvation?—forbid that willingly my perverse nature should thus throw back his mercy and condescension, Oh no, rather let me proclaim,—the Lord Jehovah, mighty to save!

In my new situation I feel deep, deep responsibility. The happiness of a husband entrusted to me;—Oh how shall I express what I feel as I muse over the duties that are connected with this important sphere of action, my heart sinks and would droop altogether, did I not seek at a mercy-seat, and did I not hope to find wisdom and strength; that precious promise comforts me, "my grace is sufficient for thee," and never did I feel more need for prayer and divine teaching. I wish to be uniform, and consistent in every way as a wife and a Christian, then the Lord will give me favour in the sight of all with whom I am connected. Lord let thy light shine on us, and from us, and may we have to adore thee through the ages of eternity, that our lot was cast together in the world below.

5th.—Oh how much love do I owe to our adorable Saviour, for, how much have I had forgiven me! * * * Regulate my affections; do thou establish thy throne there, and make created blessings subordinate, and helps, to the love by right, by every claim, thine own. Often I fear that chastening alone will drive me to resign my heart entirely to thee, but Lord, thou knowest our frame, thou rememberest we

are but dust, and thou never never inflictest the rod but in love to thine own. Oh, no! mercy characterises all thy dealings with us, and thou canst control my heart. Mercies misimproved are often made our reprovers. * * * Lord be pleased to remove reserve; I feel a backwardness I ought not in speaking of thee, partly from a false feeling, partly from a sense of my ignorance, but teach me by thy Spirit, and let our lips praise thee together; let our hearts respond while we tell of thy goodness, and anticipate thy presence in our eternal home. I desire to surrender myself again to thee blessed Redeemer. I desire to enter upon the discharge of duties connected with thy glory with renewed zeal; let thy Spirit breathe into my soul, let it dwell there to order every thought, to purify every attempt to serve thee, and to animate me in seeking to win souls from the wrath to come. I desire to remember my beloved husband in his labours this evening.* Lord, shine upon that corner of thy vineyard, let thy word be blessed, the seed sown by his hand, may it appear after many days, and add a glorious tribute to the Redeemer's crown. Yes, Lord, let many have cause to bless thee for the instructions of this, and many evenings, thus devoted in humble faith,—to bless and seal is thine, without this seal our efforts to awaken the attention of sinners are vain, but thou hast promised thy word shall not return unto thee void; O therefore acknowledge in this instance him that soweth, that they that sow and they that reap may rejoice together; and bless him in his own soul. I beseech thee to pour into his soul those precious views of thy character which bring peace, let him call thee "Father,"—and give him the spirit of adoption.

* Referring to his Sabbath evening class.

July 17th.—Much has transpired to hinder a record of my feelings and the Lord's goodness to me since the 5th June. Indisposition has been one cause of neglect of this duty. My dear mother-in-law's departure to a better world has taken place since the date above mentioned; her dissolution was unexpected, though she had been so long a sufferer, but her end was peace;—she winged her flight from pain and woe amidst the tears of her sorrowing friends, but, Oh to follow her happy spirit! Glorious in the likeness of Jesus, near the throne—who would wish her back—who would take from her hands her golden harp, strung to the song of Moses and the Lamb, and bid her return to notes of mourning—to be again a tempest-tost mariner on the ocean of this life and a witness,—nay, in fact, a partaker of the consequences, and commission of sin? No! rather let those she loved, rejoice that she has landed safely on the heavenly shore; and be stimulated by her example and end to press forward to the possession of the same home, and the enjoyment of Him whose face she now beholds in righteousness, and whose love now fills her soul, and will engage her active powers through a long, long eternity. Her bereaved husband and children have been supported wonderfully; another testimony of thy power and goodness. O Lord! continue to uphold and pour in the balm of comfort, and let them see that even where thou *smitest, thou art good*, and dost all for our good; blessed, for ever blessed be thy name!

I was lately led to examine into my affections, and look back to the past; in both of which reviews I have been deeply humbled. How suitable was the way of salvation through the cross of Calvary to my condition,—no other would do, a perfect work I needed, *and*

there it was! Oh the rich mercy that appeared in the condescending Babe of Bethlehem,—the unwearied benefactor,—the compassionate tender friend,—the insulted suffering Man of sorrows,—the bleeding crucified Jesus,—and the now (Oh glorious precious truth), risen, exalted, Redeemer! Sweet these reflections were to a heart torn with sin, and conscious of deserved punishment; and precious indeed the assurance that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. To-day I have enjoyed the divine presence, I hope, in a measure,—not so much as I might have done, but I felt my affections drawn out towards God, and a renewed desire to devote myself to his service and glory.—How little the world appears in such moments, and how little every earthly object would appear, did we realize the things that are unseen, and feel more of the overwhelming nature of salvation, in connexion with ourselves and the world around us. Oh, for more of a spirit that lives to God!

Sept. 4th.—How innumerable are my mercies! My abode is amongst the children of peace, my lot has been cast in the very camp of spiritual Israel; should I not weep rivers of gratitude for these blessings? I wonder at my supineness. Lord, soften my heart, and show thyself to my poor grovelling mind, then I shall bow a willing captive at thy feet.

12th.— * * * The language of my soul is, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The sweet portion of divine truth I have been reading speaks peace to the believing sinner; it tells of the righteousness which justifies, that which is unto all, and upon all them that believe. O, what precious tidings,—they tell not of works, lest any man should boast, but of grace, that God may have all the glory. Hear and rejoice, my

soul, and may this blessed doctrine be my stay, and may I be enabled to cling to it, in the billows of trial that yet lie before me, till faith is exchanged for sight, and I see eye to eye the salvation of God. I feel encompassed by the Lord this morning ;—mysterious reality ! The Lord Jehovah is near. The conviction sinks me into my own nothingness, whilst my spirit feels a sweet satisfaction in the hope, that he looks upon me in love through his Son. Oh that I should reflect so *little* of the Divine light thus imparted to my soul ! How seldom, if ever, can any one take knowledge of me that I have been with Jesus,—melancholy levity of mind ! Lord, bestow more faith to purify and sanctify—to separate me from the world, and fix me steadily, fervently, self-denyingly within the vail.

18*th*.— * * * Whilst I would raise an Ebenezer to the praise and glory of his grace, I would imprint upon my recollection the sin that has blotted every part of the page of my existence. I have often kicked against the pricks, but now I find those very pricks have been the hedge by which I have been preserved from the downward way. Oh, that the past may prove as a beacon to my soul in what yet lies before me ! Blessed in the dearest of earthly connexions, almost without a wish,—after tossing on many a stormy billow, I have need of heavenly influence ; my mountain seems to stand strong, but soon it may be on a level with the lowest valley. Lord keep me, and appropriate the best of my services, the best,—first, of my affections, to thyself, let my heart be thine, and let me enjoy all in thee. My present situation gives me influence and time, these are thine, O God ! Let me consider this, and how I may best employ them in the cause of Jesus,—I must put them out to usury ; direct

me by thy blessed Spirit, and give me a holy yearning of soul over my poor perishing fellow-sinners.

Visited with Mrs W—— the Lock Hospital. Sad are the fruits of sin to be seen there. I could scarcely refrain weeping before the wretched inmates. We are to sow, it is thou that must cause to bring forth; have mercy and glorify the work of thy Son, in saving some amongst those lost, degraded, hardened sinners.

November 20th.—The peace of God pervades my mind. Oh, how gently he binds up the broken spirit, as he comes over the hills and mountains of our iniquities! His love changeth not; this is why my guilty soul lives. I hope what I feel is life, aspiring to fulness in that life, which is the light of men; but how feeble my faith, how weak my dependence!—though blessed be my gracious God and Father, I hear a voice saying, "Come unto me," to this refuge I flee, and I find it secure,—it hides me from the storm, whilst it speaks consolation to my soul. This afternoon I have had a season of humiliation before God, I was enabled to cast myself at the foot of the cross,—to mourn my past sins, and to plead for mercy, through the blood shed there.

December 25th.—What are my feelings this blessed morning? How stand they affected towards him, who this day commenced that work of expiation, on which my soul rests for salvation? Oh! let me hide my guilty head,—the retrospect is dark with sin, and my heart is cold, wandering, and little alive to the event that filled the arches of heaven with praise, and struck the inhabitants of earth with wonder, amazement, and joy. Blessed Saviour! let my tears stream at the recollection of what thou hast done, let me kindle the flame of love at the altar of Calvary;—there thy sacred head bent under the weight of sin's demerit, that I

should bear,—there thy heart bled to procure a way of access for sinners to the throne on high. Blessed Jesus! and dost thou meet with so poor a return from worms thou hast loved and died to save? Amazing depth of forbearance, and, oh, amazing power and grace, that goes on to gather in and preserve unto salvation! To-day I have been prevented attending the house of God by cold, but the Lord has been with me in my retirement. I have been enabled to search my heart, and have been humbled, and, I trust, led to earnest and renewed desires for more faith and more dependence upon Jesus for a present life, and a simpler hope in the prospect of one to come.

I would note the advantage of faithfulness in those around us, and the blessed privilege of a word in season when in a sick or backsliding state. My beloved —— suggested, in the gentlest terms, a word that has been greatly blessed: I feel roused by it, I feel the powers of my soul called to mourn over, and stirred up to renewed conflict against, sin and sloth. Oh, how great the privilege of warning or reproof! How much we need the watchful eye of affection; for much lies hidden from our own view, we scarcely dream of; and that of which we are secretly conscious, is often passed by, in the vain intention of reformation *to-morrow*, and in forgetfulness that the heart in the meantime is becoming more worldly, and less disposed to vigorous exertions against the evils into which we have fallen. The downward course is often by slow degrees, so that we should shrink from the least appearance of disaffection in divine things. In an instant we should gird on our armour; in the strength of the Lord alone we can blow into a flame the slumbering embers; to him we should flee, and though the struggle will be great, we shall

come off conquerors. Who that has entered the narrow way, does not know something of cold affections, deadness to the blessed word, and temptation to cease prayer, to forsake a mercy-seat? Oh, how precious the assurance that our God is not man! he remembers we are but dust, he looks to the pierced hands and wounded side, and says, "Deliver from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom!" Blessed be the Lord, he will perfect that which concerns his people, they stray, but he calls them in accents so sweet, that earth and hell are constrained to loose their hold—and at length the song in glory, "Whom have I in heaven but thee," fills the souls of those enraptured ones, their home and their resting-place being for ever in the world of eternal bliss.

1837. *January 16th.*—I have been permitted to see the commencement of another year. In looking to the past, I see scarcely anything but a blank, as far as regards my duty, and love to God. Many events have occurred of a momentous character; but oh, how humbling—how it fills my mind with remorse,—to reflect upon my abuse of blessings, my inordinate attachment to created comforts, and the feverish tumult in which I have passed much time that ought to have been given to God. With a new year I desire to renew my covenant with the Lord; and oh, may I be more faithful, more devoted, more as a redeemed sinner should be, in the kingdom and cause of our Lord Jesus Christ!

Under the same date, reference is thus made to a dear friend in mental affliction:—His mind is depressed, he has no comfort, and little hope; but I have great confidence that the Lord will hear my feeble prayers on

his behalf. I have been wrestling for him at a throne of grace, and feel comforted—the character of Jesus seemed so lovely, that I could not but hope, that with such power, such willingness to save, he would speak peace to the troubled spirit. Many sweet passages of scripture came into my mind, to help me in my intercession, and I could leave him at the feet of Jesus, strong in faith, that he would at some time, in his own time, (I did not dare to say more than in *his own time*,) dispel the darkness, and pour divine love into his soul. What would I not give to procure him peace? but is Jesus less sympathising,—has He a heart less alive to our griefs and sorrows?—forbid the thought! He appears to heed not our cries, but his heart yearns over us all the while, and he only waits to pour in the healing balm, when his eye sees the time, yes, my soul, believe, and hope, and rest there!

29*th*.—Another blessed Sabbath has returned, but I am unable to attend the house of God. The day is one of the severest we have had this winter, and I continue far from strong. Lord enable me to submit to thy will. I sigh when I think of the streams of the sanctuary, how deeply I have drunk, with what delight I have feasted upon the manna of heaven, how my heart has been made glad with thy people, and seemed to soar above earth, as I have listened to the message of redemption from the lips of thy servant. The delicate state of my health for some time past has prohibited the exposure I was formerly accustomed to, so that now I am often left to mourn in secret over departed privileges; but, O Lord, thou are not straitened, nor confined to time or place. Enable me to submit without murmuring. My heart is more than usually oppressed to-day,—*my way is not hid from the Lord*,

nor my judgment passed over from my God. Have I not experienced enough in days gone by, on which to hang my hopes? Oh yes, the clouds that have been penetrated by divine love may speak encouragement, and say, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Rise then, my faith, and sink not. Jesus looks on—every sigh is numbered; be still then, and provoke not him, O my soul, who is leading thee through the mazes of ignorance and sin. The way is dark, but remember, at even-tide it shall be light.

CHAPTER VI.

We stood around her dying-bed;
We saw her blue eyes close;
While from her heart the pulses fled,
And from her cheek the rose.

And still her lips in fondness moved,
And still she strove to speak
To the mournful beings that she loved,
And yet she was too weak.

Till at last from her eye came one bright ray
That bound us like a spell;
And as her spirit passed away,
We heard her sigh, "Farewell!"

Browne.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, with beams of mortal bliss—
With looks too bright and beautiful for such a world as this.

* * * * * *

A little while they dwell with us—blest ministers of love—
Then spread the wings we had not seen, and seek their home above!

Caroline Bowles Southey.

A LETTER, announcing that the disease (consumption) under which her youngest sister had long laboured, was likely soon to prove fatal, reached Mrs Innes at a time when extreme delicacy of health obliged her to reply to it while in bed. The letter (to her eldest sister) has been preserved.

"MY DEAR ELIZABETH,—Oh, how much I have suffered since I got your letter, but I need not dwell on

my feelings to you! My beloved Isabella! and is it possible that?—but oh, I cannot, I dare not, think of the reality! Aunt would receive W——'s letter, and you would learn the reason I did not instantly answer yours; indeed, had I not been confined to bed, writing would not have been thought of, for I should have been as soon as possible with you; but may I be enabled to say, "the will of the Lord be done." I feel I need faith, and, still more, resignation. Need I assure my beloved Isabella that nothing but an *absolute impossibility* should detain me here a moment? I have been confined to bed more or less for seven weeks. I get up in the afternoon, and W—— comes home, and *carries* me from the bed to the sofa; I merely tell you all this to show you the painful truth that I cannot see you. Oh, the mysterious ways of our God!—and yet we must submit; and my ever dear Elizabeth, it is our happiness to do so, and then he himself pours in the only balm that can heal the wounded heart. My dear E——, think as much as you can of what the change will be to her. Follow her to her Father's house—think of her *free* from sin and sorrow. Surely you loved her too dearly to wish to keep her away from so much bliss. You may feel as I feel, that this is *reasoning*, but time and grace must work submission, and I trust the Lord will impart it. I have tried to think of dearest Isabella's privilege at being *the first* called *home*. Oh, let us be animated to follow her steps! * * *

DIARY.

April 19th.—Just able to put a few words down; let those few, oh, my soul, be all praise! I am once again permitted to unite in the family circle, to appear at the family fireside,—though very feeble, I can walk

with the assistance of another. And what have I learnt in my long and painful sickness? Solemn question! but I trust I have seen much of my own heart, and the preciousness of Jesus. I have also suffered *deeply* in the removal of my lamented and dearly beloved sister. But oh! the sweet solace that steals over my heart at the recollection of her last moments, —moments of peace, of joy, of *glory*, and then the thought of *what* and where she is! Oh, what mortal mind can ever fancy the bright scene she now contemplates? Jesus is unveiled to her soul ———, but I feel unable to write more. The Lord has heard,—but his ways are often in the deep waters,—they are often dark; let me bless him, adore him, and trust him; he chastens to bless, may he but sanctify, and all shall end in mercy and glory.

July 9th.—Still confined to the house, and able to spend only a few minutes at a time, in bearing testimony to the goodness of my gracious God. He has borne with me, and blessed me,—whilst I have wandered, and sinned. At times I have had sweet peace, but often, very often, bodily infirmity has prevented that application to spiritual duties and privileges through which joy and peace usually flow into the soul, and this state of things has produced, as a consequence, a dead frame, cold feelings, and low hopes: sad, sad, evidence of a depraved nature. Oh, how precious the blood of Jesus, and to know that it falls full and free for the vilest sinner, cheers the guilty heart! Lord, enable me to sit under thy cross, to look up to thee continually, and live upon what thou hast done—drawing from *thy* righteousness incitement to every duty, and strength for the conflicts and trials of this lower world. I bless thee, oh my God, that I have been

permitted once again to see my dear brother and sister, before our journey is ended. Let our intercourse be blessed. Oh, that I had more to say for thee, that my language were more that of the heavenly Canaan. Sanctify my lips, blessed Lord, and let my mouth sound forth only thy praise! I have reason to bless thee for much more than this, for thy best earthly gift,—oh, how shall I adore thee? Pour down the dew of thy influences upon his heart,—let the—[*Here the manuscript abruptly breaks off.*]

December 22d.—Like Hannah *I have been heard.* Oh! may the precious gift we have received be like Samuel, chosen of the Lord, and honoured to minister in his sanctuary; a light to guide sinful man to the rest on high.

With a heart in some small measure apprehending my mercies, I desire to adore and magnify my gracious God. Oh, how deep has been the stream of goodness through which I have passed, mercy has encompassed me on every side, and again may I raise an Ebenezer to the praise of him, whose arm is power, and who ever lives to intercede for the blessings of salvation to the guilty fallen children of men! Since writing in this journal he has made his goodness to pass before me in a season of severe and protracted suffering, and crowned his mercy with the gift of a dear boy (21st October). Oh, what shall I render to him?—all that I have is too little, but still let me give it, and devote his blessings to his service and praise.

1838. *January 14th.*—Oh, how I now feel the little improvement I made of my time, when its minutes were all my own, and I could devote it all in one way or another to the service of my heavenly Father. Though in looking back to that period, I

remember being blessed with hours of communion with my gracious benefactor, and then prized the privilege of having no earthly cares, and no anxiety, but that sinners might live before God,—yet how superficial were my efforts to do good,—how cold my affections,—how selfish my enjoyments, and how earthly my hopes, even when I thought they aspired to heaven! But it is vain to mourn over past delinquencies, if we do not improve the future, and this I desire to do by divine help. I have little time now for retirement, and circumstances prevent my arranging domestic matters so as to suit my own habits; but duty silences every murmur. I feel placed here by divine wisdom and love, and what I should be solicitous about, is the right discharge of present duty.

May 6th.—The return of this day brings before me a mingled train of recollections. This day two years I appeared in the house of God in a new character, there I renewed my vows as a wife,—solemn and precious privilege! Since that time various have been the dispensations of God's providence; trials have been mingled with mercies, and now I would say, "What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits?"

22*d.*—May our beloved child be adopted by thee, and meetened to reflect the riches and glory of thy grace —may he be spared, if thy holy will, and his infant lips soon learn to proclaim the sweetness of the Saviour's name. When I look at him how I long to tell him of what Jesus has done! It is painful to reflect that lovely as he is in infant bloom, an evil heart—yea, the seed of every sin, dwells within. I sometimes tremble when I look forward; the snares that await him, if he be spared, are many and great; much with which he

will come in contact, will possess a tendency to draw him away from God. Oh, what can save him but Almighty grace? Yet I will not droop in faith, but trust the precious plant in the hands of him who can change his nature, make him a tree of righteousness, and place him in his own garden for ever.

23*d*.—I would bless thee, oh my God! for a stream of comfort flowing into my soul to-day. At the same time, I have much to mourn over in myself, and much in the world around me; oh, what a picture of internal strife the Church of Christ presents at this moment! Whilst its members profess to be imitators of him whose name is love, they are acting upon principles that rend heart from heart, and consequently, instead of the ungodly being led to glorify their Father who is in heaven, the cry of the unbeliever is, "Where is now their God." Oh, that Christians would think of the dishonour they do their Lord, and the unfruitfulness they bring into their own souls! surely they would watch and pray, and *agree to differ*. * * *

At the present term, we have changed our servants. My heart is weighed down at the responsibility before me, whilst I hardly know how to act,—I mean in regard to their spiritual interests. Oh, my God! direct me.

June 3*d*.—I have been led by some circumstances that have occurred lately, into a train of reflection, calculated to impress my heart with a sense of its deep deep obligation to the God of grace and mercy. Oh, my gracious God and Father! why have I not been left, as thousands are, to choose the path that leads to ruin,—why does *my* soul shrink from the vain and thoughtless enjoyments in which the world seek their happiness?—is it because I have tasted that the Lord

is gracious? Surely it is. Once I revelled in the pleasures of sense; but now, though cold, ungrateful, and wandering in my affections—often far from the source of good; still, it is only in the path of duty, and where Jesus is acknowledged and glorified, that I find happiness and sympathy with my hopes and joys. If such be really my feelings, if Christ has indeed revealed to me his salvation, what return have I made to him who has done so much for me? A painful train of thought has been excited within these few days, by meeting lately at the house of a friend, a large party (unexpectedly), who spent the evening without even an acknowledgment of the God that made them. One gentleman present, esteemed as a disciple of Christ, I endeavoured to draw into a conversation that might be profitable, but all in vain; either his heart did not respond to the charm of that name dear to every believer, or he acted from a mistaken opinion held by some, that the subject of religion is too sacred to be introduced, unless on stated and particular occasions. Oh, what a mistake, and how fatal to thousands! Is this being a light set upon a hill,—is this holding forth the word of life,—is this coming out and being separate? —to mingle in the world's vanities and conceal the colours of the master you profess to serve! Oh, ensnaring world!—deceitful heart!—may the Lord enable his people to cease from man, and to remember that they who love the world, the love of the Father is not in them. To myself, that evening, I trust, has been profitable; may I be led nearer to my blessed Saviour by every temptation, and see more of my need of his grace, and constant dependence upon him in every turn of my existence. He must guide,—He must guard—He must be around me and about me, or how instantly

I fall. Blessed be God for his great and gracious promises; may I lay hold of them, live by them, and be transformed by them into the image of him who is the believer's "*all in all.*"

4th.— * * * I want to feel more of the power of the world to come—more of the power of Christ's resurrection. I hear some express a longing to be with Christ, even when in health and earthly comfort; but, alas! my affections are too much chained to objects below. Oh, that I could soar above them, and say, Lord, I am ready to come to thee!

8th.—Felt my mind anxiously oppressed on account of our dear boy. These few days past his mind has opened very perceptibly, *now, now,* must begin the training on which his future prospects may be said almost to hang. Oh, for wisdom from above! Lord teach *us,* give us thy grace, and bless us in our united efforts.

August 5th.—How solemn, how appropriate, the calm stillness of this hallowed morn! All nature seems hushed in silent adoration of the glorious being who made and upholds the universe by his power and will. Oh, my soul, art thou silent and insensible? No! with angels, and archangels, and the spirits of just men made perfect, I would unite my feeble unworthy voice in singing, Holy, holy, holy, art thou Lord God Almighty! heaven and earth are full of thy glory,—oh, how full! Especially does this blessed day speak of love and mercy; may the Divine Spirit testify of a risen Saviour to the hearts of many, may Jesus be honoured,—Worthy, worthy, is the Lamb!—and may poor perishing sinners see their need and fly for a refuge to the only hope for the guilty. Lord, look upon me, the chief of sinners. I am lost in wonder at thy forbearance towards me, but by it encouraged still

to look up. Oh, my God, purify and bless me,—and enable me to worship thee in spirit, and make the waters of the sanctuary healing and refreshing to my soul. The hour of public worship draws near,—now, oh, Father! keep me and mine, and cause thy face to shine, and we shall rejoice and find peace.

In the autumn of this year (1838), she had much enjoyment in spending a few weeks with her endeared relatives in Hull, accompanied by her child. The letters she sent home indicate a cheerful and thankful state of mind, in one of them she says,—

* * * "Yes, in the ark there is room for a ruined expiring world. O, how precious these few words are, "Come unto me!"—and again, "Without money and without price," and well it is for us it is without money and without price, for what have we to give, "empty" is the condition, and in that character we shall be filled. May we be enabled to resign ourselves entirely to him who is mighty to save."

On her return, the diary was resumed, and from the pages that immediately follow, it might almost be inferred that some undefined apprehension of impending evil had taken possession of her mind. She often said, in after life, she felt at this time as if her happiness since becoming a mother were too great to last. A growing conviction of how much she was in danger of idolizing created enjoyments, seems to have led to a careful scrutiny of motive and feeling in the sight of God.

DIARY.

October 14th.—Oh, what a wretched state my feelings are in to-day!—cold and barren. Am I declining

in my course? Yes, yes!—hide it not, unwatchfulness and remissness in prayer are the cause. Lord, search me, and leave me not to my own wayward heart, or I shall wander away for ever! I see, I feel, my wickedness, but, oh, inconsistent being!—my heart shrinks; the fear of chastening stops the full flow of penitential feeling. Proud worm of the earth! cannot God correct thee, whether thou submit or not? Yes, he can take thy comforts, thy blessings,—so dear, and leave what is worse than the loss of every gift,—a hard and rebellious heart,—fear that, oh, fear that, and trust him who hath in former times pitied thee as a father pitieth his children, and drawn thee with cords of love, and not of wrath. He is God and not man,—fall down at his feet, give thy heart to be purified from every stain, and thy comforts to his disposal; let *his glory* be the end and aim of thy desires: thus all I am, and have, will be sanctified, and my soul filled with peace.

21*st*.—Have but a few moments to record the mercy of my God. Our dear boy has attained his first year. Oh, what shall I render to the Lord for sparing him, and blessing him with health, and little of the suffering to which the infant frame is so peculiarly liable? I renew my covenant with thee, my God; I give him to thee,—all that concerns him I put into thy hands, and ask only that thou wouldst call him early by thy grace; that thou wouldst give him a share in the portion of his fathers, and an inheritance amongst them that are sanctified. Oh, may he live before thee, and grow up a plant of thine own planting, and an honoured light to reflect thy glory.

22*d*.—Not much time to give to the exercise of writing, and not very well. Oh, may these whispers

of mortality be sanctified! May they lead me to watch for the Master's coming. Precious hope that reaches into futurity,—how delightful the prospect,—and can it be mine? Yes, if I am interested in what Christ has done,—if his righteousness is mine, I can appear without confusion before Jehovah;—he will see no iniquity in Jacob nor transgression in Israel. Blessed Jesus, how complete, how glorious the work which thou hast done; how suited to a sinner's need, worthy of infinite love and power! Oh my soul! wonder and adore;—and do thou, O God, lead me within myself, laying open the hidden springs of my heart, pursuing by thy candle every winding; that I may see how vile I am, and cast myself emptied at the feet of Jesus! One thing I want, a *truly humbled* spirit,—broken and contrite,—mourning in bitterness.

26*th*.—Why so cast down this morning, O my soul,—is it on account of sin? Would that I could say that I mourn for my hard heart as one that mourneth for his first-born;—but no! O no!—my first-born has been ill, and how have I trembled and watched! Is it thus when I stand in circumstances that threaten the loss of my heavenly Father's love? Alas, no!—monstrous ingratitude! Well may I exclaim, "Behold I am vile," "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Our beloved boy has been very unwell, but the Lord has spared him. What shall I render to my adorable Redeemer?—it is for his sake our God is gracious, and pities. Lord empty me of everything but thyself;—this weak doubting heart would lean upon thee,—would trust thee, and glorify thee. Thou art shaking me from my resting places, mine idols have a dispensation from thee, that tells me that my heart belongs to him that formed it, and that he ought to reign there

alone. May I learn from every stroke, and sanctify the giver of all good, in using his blessings in his service, that at his coming he may receive them back with usury.

27th.—Oh what a heart-searching God our God is! I tremble and sink before him, beseeching his mercy. Yesterday I thought I felt thankful that our dear boy was better, and recorded acknowledgments apparently humble and breathing resignation;—but,—Oh, my deceitful heart!—though I said I prayed, the Lord has made me feel that I have not used the prayer of faith; last night our beloved child was again seized, and then I saw how vile I indeed was, I saw I had been trifling with Jehovah!—And here let me record the unchanging mercy of him whose ways are truly not as man's ways; instead of visiting me as I deserved, I no sooner lifted up my soul in sincere contrition, and humble faith, than I was heard,—heard and answered in the deliverance of our child from pain. Who has so much cause to adore and bless the Lord?

A speedy restoration followed the short, and comparatively slight, illness referred to. She thus refers to circumstances involving trial of a personal and domestic nature, some weeks after the date above mentioned:—

December 10th.— * * * But my soul, thy God knows what is best, and has he not engaged to do all for thee,—in the covenant which is in Christ Jesus has he not provided *all things*,—and is not that enough? Yes,—all that is good for me, all that shall be for the glory of my Saviour God. Let me look then to that day when we shall see that wisdom and love have ordered all these events; what we do not know now,

we shall know hereafter, and we shall praise thee for what is now so bitter to our souls. Let us see that we live nearer to God, and draw our happiness more entirely from himself; he is the only source of real joy, our hearts belong to him. Alas! that I should wander away to other objects; oh, that I should feel so little gratitude for the gifts I have already received,—thou mightest take them all again!

CHAPTER VII.

It is a dangerous thing to love what death may touch!
Mrs Hemans.

Her hopes, her love, her earthly bliss,
Her very soul was bound in his;
And now the fatal hour was nigh
When all but life with him must die.
* * * * *
'Tis not that wavering woman's grief,
That bursts in one impassioned fle w,
But courts and soon admits relief
Surviving friends may yet bestow;
When Hope, and Love, and Joy remain,
To bid the mourners smile again:
'Tis that severer weight of woe,
Which neither asks nor finds redress,
And only seeks, unseen, to know
Its own unchanging bitterness.
Dale.

It is not a little remarkable that those almost prophetic words should form the last entry in her journal, ere the stroke was inflicted that was to cast a blight over the few remaining years of her pilgrimage on earth. When the sentence was recorded, the object of idolatrous attachment to both parents was in perfect health, and in about a week after, was seized with that fatal disease (scarlet fever) which, in another eight days, hurried him to the tomb at the age of fourteen

months. An object of earthly love, stole from the supreme source of good those hearts which were His by every claim of right. He broke our idol before us—and stamped on it its true character of vanity! The precious boon had been doubtless received with gratitude, but was it enjoyed with moderation? Officious memory of joys never to return answers, No!—and thus a future day may prove that the blow was dealt in mercy.

This was a trial we had often shrunk from in idea, and in such a season of sorrow, the thought occurs to the mind, that almost any other calamity would be more endurable than that inflicted; but after a time the child of God is made to see, that there was a necessity for chastisement in the very point where rebellious feelings were most likely to arise; and have we not indeed reason to say, that in love he afflicts, if by drying up the stream of earthly enjoyment that refreshed us, we are taught to seek and to find our all in him? How consoling to think that "our Father will not indulge us to our ruin; but, loving us more than we do ourselves, he defeats our plans, destroys our fairest and finest fabrics, wins our affections away from vanity, and gains them to himself."

The afflicted mother's state of mind, after a period of nearly six months from the time of this overwhelming bereavement, can be best described in her own language.

DIARY.

1839. *June 2d.*—I am at length enabled to use my pen after a long period of indisposition. Wave after wave has rolled over my head, but what shall I say?—the Lord has done all things well. Yes, well for time,—well for eternity! He has withered our

brightest hopes,—he has taken our Isaac,—our only child; blessed in our lovely boy we were too secure, and perhaps raised him to the place Jesus claims as his own. There is no doubt he was a snare, and God saw fit to take him. O Lord, forgive the bitter anguish of our hearts, and the rebellion we feel under thy hand; sanctify this stroke,—enable us to rest in the assurance of thy wisdom and love.

23*d*.—Weakness prevents me from writing so often as I wish, and obliges me sometimes to lay down the pen, ere I have arranged the thoughts my heart would pour out upon paper. Oh, that this trial may have the intended effect upon my heart! I am deprived of much enjoyment in consequence, and often confined to the house in listless inactivity. As I gaze from my couch upon the bustle of life, I am tempted to exclaim, why am I not permitted to be up and doing? True, a suffering state may equally glorify God, but conscience speaks loudly in my case, and points to many seasons of unimproved mercies, and neglected opportunities of duty. When I look back through life, especially since the Lord revealed his mercy through Christ Jesus to my soul, a cloud of sins, (omissions and commissions), rises up before me. When I remember the way by which I have been led,—the glory that has often passed before me,—the *mercy* that has filled my cup, I hide my guilty head,—and wonder my trials have not been greater; that instead of a hope full of immortality, it hath not been said, "Cut her down, why cumbereth she the ground." But such is the love of God, it passeth knowledge; there is in it a height, a depth, a length, and a breadth, we cannot understand; even the angelic throng that see him as he is, know but in part, and are drawing from the

ocean of perfection fresh sources of adoration continually. What ought I to feel, then, as I look to myself and look to God? Lord Jesus I sink at thy feet, thy righteousness can shield me, thy blood cleanse me, —I need not fear. I have wandered, I have had to do with idols, I have leant upon created joys; but all that have displeased *thee* have pierced me, and have led me to exclaim, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." For some time my outward trials have been considerable, and my wearied spirit too often disposed to rest here and there; but the props totter, and one after another gives way. O let me bless the Lord that I am not left to seek my path, not left alone to keep it through the wilderness; of all others I am sure I should fall into the bogs and pits that line the road to the heavenly city. Let me then adore him in the furnace;—"bless him for his mercies past, and humbly hope for more."

This day more immediately brings before the mind our obligations, it is the day on which Jesus finished the work of salvation,—the day on which he ascended and took possession of his mediatorial kingdom, ever living to make intercession for his people. Have been reading Peter's energetic appeal to our sluggish feelings, urging the necessity of diligence in the path of life, that we may abound in the knowledge of Christ Jesus, and manifest to ourselves and others an interest in the everlasting covenant, and the well-grounded hope of a blessed immortality. The "great and precious promises" are held up to the believing soul as his, to support, to comfort, to animate, to restore his wayward spirit, and make him partaker of the divine image. O amazing love, wonderful provision! let me eat and live for ever.

24th.—Had a Mr Howel, deacon of a church in Wales, breakfasting with us. His conversation was truly edifying,—it was in heaven,—and brought down a heavenly influence into my soul. The conversation of Christians generally is too often *confined* to the duties and privileges of a present state. Though we need (and myself especially) to stimulate each other when we meet, to practical holiness; yet—when the mind is led to the contemplation of God in his attributes—when we look within the veil, and ponder over what is revealed of an unseen world—I seem as if translated to those blissful regions, and long to form one of the glorious happy choir. Lord bless our intercourse; such seasons are streams from the fountain of divine love, the soul is refreshed and strengthened with renewed vigour for the conflict, and love and confidence pervade the mind of the once enslaved, but now redeemed sinner. Oh, may our household be a *redeemed* family, *all, all holy and blessed!*

30th.—Oh, the oppression of my heart!—burning tears flow in agonizing recollection;—truly I am in bitterness,—my first-born—my only son—where is he? I shudder as I follow his lovely image to the tomb! Oh, compassionate God! forgive this violent—this dreadful struggle;—I sink at thy feet, and beseech thee to enable me to acquiesce in thy will, even to rejoice in it. I feel nature a powerful principle within me; I feel the creature possesses an influence that affects my peace far, far too much, and I am at a loss often to know how far I may mourn without sinning, when it is removed from me; that I do sin as I mourn, I much fear. O Lord, moderate my feelings, and enable me to view this and every circumstance in the

glass of eternity. I hope it is my desire that thy will be done; and I would not in this sad hour reverse it, had I the power. No! not for worlds! It is well,—by-and-bye *we shall feel* assuredly *it is well* as regards ourselves, and as respects him,—Oh, how well! Safely housed from the blighting storm, he sweetly reposes in the bosom of Jesus; could I be so selfish, so cruel as tear him thence? Could I bring him down from the abodes of bliss to mingle again in our misery and sin? No, dreadful thought!—rather do I adore the mercy that snatched him, ere he had tasted the bitter springs of human life, to glory, honour, and immortality. Bless the Lord, Oh my soul, and prepare to mingle with our blessed glorified little one in the eternal song of praise! Time flies, days, months, years, where are they? I have much need to redeem time; let me be diligent, girding up the loins of my mind, and watching in humble faith for the signal, "come up hither." Oh my God, "search me and try me," and suffer me not to deceive myself with a vain hope, but "lead me in the way everlasting."

The state of her health made a change of air and of scene advisable, and in the autumn of this year one or two months were spent at the sea-side; the following extracts are from notes hastily written to the author during this short separation:—

* * * "Do you not think the 14th chapter of John a rich portion of divine truth? I have often prayed over it, every part is so full of the condescending goodness of Jehovah to wretched beings such as we are. * * * Let us try to realise the mansions in our *Father's* house, a part of us already occupies one

in it. This poor vain scene of earthly things will soon pass away; we know not how soon glory may burst upon our view, let us hold on, and though we fall, and fall often, we shall rise again, till we see Jesus as he is. Give my love to your dear father, I hope the Lord will be with him to-morrow and make him a blessing.

"* * * I have been thinking this morning how dependant we are upon the goodness and power of God, but how little we realize this in the daily routine of life. That God is ever present we know, but how does the mighty fact affect our feelings? As believers, we have reason to rejoice that his eye is over us, and how soothing, how encouraging to the weary burdened heart, to see through the cloud of bitter dispensations a wise and gracious hand pointing to the home and rest on high! I have just been reading the 69th Psalm, which seems to refer very fully to the sufferings of the Messiah; these, taken in connexion with the afflictions through which we may have to pass, speak peace and comfort. Jesus suffered, the just for the unjust; the curse is removed; and though we may sink in the mire, the rock is underneath us, resting upon that, the wind and the flood will only fix us the more firmly on our eternal foundation. May we have faith to hold on *there*. To know that faith secures all things, and to have it in exercise, are very different things; this I feel lamentably, and mourn over a heart prone to live at a distance from God. Shall I ever be able to say, 'to me to live is Christ, and to die gain?' Alas! sensible objects exert a powerful influence, such as could not be, did the claims of Jesus hold the place in my thoughts and feelings they demand, and ought to possess.

"* * * How changed the aspect even of friendship's kindness!—my heart does not enter as it used to do into social feelings; a shade is cast over everything here below. I seem happiest when dwelling in spirit with *you* and *him*, and this makes me rather wish our friends would not ask us to join their parties; I prefer to saunter on the sands in quiet reflection, and alone. May our trials be sanctified: we are placed in the furnace; and though we are in heaviness through manifold trials, yet let us persevere in looking up, and though the Lord may try us long, he will in the end give us peace. Let us try to follow *him* where he is; I feel my mind calmed when I think of him as a glorified spirit; our blessed one is with Jesus; and sometimes I can bless God that he is safely landed. Let us pray for each other that we may be strengthened for the duties of life,—it will soon end. What a blessed hope we have beyond the grave! * * * Our griefs are one; you think you spare me by not witnessing your sorrow, but you greatly mistake me; I share it though absent. * * * Adieu! my prayer is continually, 'that the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, may keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus.'"

The following lines—obviously appropriate to her own circumstances, and which she greatly admired—were copied by her about this time into the family common-place book; their intrinsic beauty renders them worthy of quotation:—

Lines by Sir Robert Grant.

Oh Saviour! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
  Has chastened my wandering, and guided my way!
Adored be the power which illumined my blindness,
  And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
  I followed the rainbow,—I caught at the toy;—
And still in displeasure thy goodness was there,
  Disappointing the hope, and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was below;—
  The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the beam;—
Swift whispered the breeze, but it whispered of woe;—
  And bitterness flowed in the soft-flowing stream.

So cured of my folly, but cured but in part,
  I turned to the refuge thy pity displayed;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
  Weave visions of promise that bloomed but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
  Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn;
Thou show'dst me the path,—it was dark and uneven,
  All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown;
  I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown;
  I asked—and thou show'dst me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length to thy will,
  My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;
O give me the heart that can wait and be still,
  Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine!

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
  But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy,—but they roll not below;
  There is rest,—but it dwells in the presence of God.

Psalm xliv. 12.

LINES BY JAMES EDMESTON.

* * * * *
This came, tho' veiled in darkness from above,
A dispensation of eternal love,
He who perceived the dangerous control,
The heart-twined spell, was gaining on thy soul,
Snatched from thine arms the dangerous decoy
To give the brighter hope, the purer joy.
O ! see how soon the flowers of life decay,
How soon terrestrial pleasures fade away !
This star of comfort for a moment given,
Just rose on earth,—then set to rise in heaven.
Turn back thine eye along the path of life,
View thine own grief, and weariness, and strife ;
And say, if that which tempts thee to repine,
Be not a happier lot by far than thine.
If death in infancy had laid thee low,
Thou hadst escaped from pain, and sin, and woe ;
The years thy soul the path of sorrow trod,
Had all been spent in converse with thy God ;
And thou hadst shone in yonder cloudless sphere,
A seraph there and not a pilgrim here.
O ! it is sweet to die, to part from earth,
And win all heaven, for things of little worth,
Then, sure, thou wouldst not, tho' thou couldst awake
The little slumberer, for its mother's sake.
No ill can reach it now, it rests above,
Safe in the bosom of celestial love.
It's short, but yet tempestuous way is o'er,
And tears will trickle down its cheek no more.
If bitter thought and tears in heaven could be,
It is thine infant that should weep for thee.

DIARY.

November 4th.—With feelings of admiring, adoring praise, I look back this morning to the dealings of my heavenly Father with me and mine for some time past. Thy ways are mysterious, oh my God ! but faithful and true ; I have experienced thy power and faithfulness in

restoring my wandering soul, and comforting, when other sources were withdrawn, or ceased to afford any consolation. Yes, my cry was to thee in the dark night of desolation, and thou heardest and did send help. In the day when the rod of divine chastening was upon us, I had nearly sank under its stroke. A new, a holy feeling of joy and gladness had been awakened in my soul, *a mother's feeling*, and who but a mother can say with what exquisite sensibility she eyes her child—her first born! This opening happiness was once mine, but where is it? gone—dried up, just when I had tasted the first delicious drops, and fondly anticipated years of future joy. God seeth not as man sees, he had greater objects in view than our earthly pleasures, and without doubt, in these bitter providences, he aims at the sanctification of the soul, and dislodging from the heart all that steals the affections from its rightful owner and Creator. If such be the design,—if such be the results, should I not, shall I not, greatly rejoice? On examining the state of my feelings, I find my mind in a very different frame to what it was before this heavy trial, and for some after it; a cloud then seemed to weigh me down. In looking back, bitter regret seized my soul, in looking forward, a dreary waste of feelings and anxieties seemed to crush every hope of earthly happiness, and I—whose joy and sympathies have ever been found in the bosom of domestic retirement—seemed doomed to the deprivation of the privileges and blessings that had made home happy. Such were my feelings, and that God could and would raise me above such depressing circumstances, was more than I dared to hope for; it seemed next to impossible that I should ever again be able to rejoice; in agony my soul would breathe,—"nothing is too hard for God,—with him nothing is impossible,

—'I shall yet praise him who is the help of my countenance and my God;'" whilst at other times, in the feeble accents of expiring faith, I was disposed to think of the opening grave, as a termination of my sufferings, and the restoration of my peace and joy. Oh, mistaken, ill-judging worm! behold how thy fears are disappointed, and by a train of events, and the influence of the spirit, even thy rebellious nature is subdued in a measure to the government of God, and enabled to say "thy will be done." Yes, even my poor worn-out exhausted spirit does rejoice. I see divine power and love displayed towards us, God has made bare his holy arm, and we are in part, or for the present, delivered from the snare of the fowler. Oh, for a tongue to sound our precious Jesus' name!

The state of my beloved husband's mind for some time after our loss increased my suffering tenfold. I beheld him sinking under the stroke, despair seemed gathering around him. Oh, the hours of deep, inexpressible, heartfelt anguish I have passed as I lay at the footstool of mercy, imploring our heavenly Father on his behalf! Often I could but cry for mercy and pray above all things that we might be kept from sin. And have I not been heard? Yes! I humbly trust my intercession, though defiled with sin, was accepted in the beloved, and that God has been revealing himself as the answerer as well as the hearer of prayer. * * * He still mourns, and ever will weep over departed joys, and his heart sickens as he beholds others in possession of comforts he is so fitted by nature to appreciate, but he believes in the end it will be well, and that we shall see a wise and blessed object obtained, in which God will be glorified and we shall rejoice. Lord enable us to view all things in the light of eternity; then earthly

things will vanish before us in estimation as a shadow, our souls will breathe the spirit of the world to which they are hastening, and know no joy but that of the Lord. Oh, for a heart more undivided in its love, more supremely devoted to thee, my God. I have many more mercies to record, did time permit; one I would bless the Lord for,—I have been permitted to see my dearest aunt,—my second mother,—under my roof, and we have had a pleasant season—refreshing to our souls. It is a comfort I have long desired, but circumstances did not admit of it till this summer. She is one that lives near to thee. Bless her richly in all things, and prepare her for the full enjoyment of thyself in glory, and may we be re-united there.

8th.—I desire to record the goodness of God in permitting me to form a female prayer-meeting at home, for the purpose of imploring the quickening influence of the spirit in our own souls and the souls of others.

This weekly meeting of friends, united in the best of bonds, was continued till the last year of her life, with the exception of a few months in autumn, when most of the members were in the custom of leaving town. On the occasion of one of these re-unions, in the beginning of winter, the following lines were composed by her, and shown in the family circle:—

Sisters in Jesus, once again
We meet in holy love,
To bend before the mercy-seat
Of him who reigns above.

Let grateful incense now ascend,
Let every heart expand;
Jesus has kept us each in peace
By his protecting hand.

Wandering apart,—we've still been one,
One hope has filled our breast,
Now met,—as one we long to taste
The stream that gives us rest.

Let him who lived and died to save,—
The Lamb that once was slain,
Be all the theme our hearts desire,
Our soul's eternal gain.

So shall we ride out life's sad storm,
Our weary pilgrim way
Will brighten as we hail the dawn
Of glory's cloudless day.

18*th*.—Oh, the mercy of our God! My soul can look up this morning with calm delight to him, saying, Abba, Father. The Lord is near, I feel his presence, and rejoice to lie low at his feet, with myself and mine in his hand, to do with us as his wisdom sees meet. This peace is from above, *directly* from my Father in heaven, for outward circumstances tend much to rouse the rebellion my heart is prone to; and to bring back recollections that call up feelings too much at variance with that submission we ought to feel under the mighty hand of God. It is the compassion and tenderness of our blessed Immanuel that supports my fainting soul; the world has lost its hold of my heart, I seem as if I had no interest in any of its occupations, my soul often sickens at the unsatisfactory nature of its best enjoyments, and I long to find myself in my eternal home,—Home, that talisman of hope and joy!—blessed be the Lord that I am not permitted to settle in a home beneath the skies. My dear, dear earthly home has become a land of mourning; thou hast embittered its waters, but mercy reigns,—let me be silent and look forward to my own latter end. In the meantime let

me be zealous and active. I desire to live to the Lord; my soul would give back to my precious Jesus the life he has redeemed, with all its powers. Oh my God, continue to uphold me, and condescend to make me an instrument of good to perishing souls. Thousands are perishing around me, and thine own people are slumbering. Awake, oh, arm of the Lord! shall Satan continue to sway his sceptre over a blind world? Have mercy, and pour down upon us thy Spirit, that we may feel the reality of our dying state, and be roused to exertion, bearing some proportion to our responsibility, and the awful termination of all things here below.

I desire to feel deeply grateful for the honour and privilege of collecting a few friends together, to supplicate thy blessing, and the outpouring of thy Spirit upon the churches with which we are connected, upon other christian communities, and the world at large. Wilt thou acknowledge us, and be in our midst. Prepare our hearts, and enable us to wrestle in faith; thou art willing to hear, and, oh, how willing to answer!—seal thy promises to our souls, and teach us to plead them, that some may be quickened, and many others snatched from the dominion of Satan, and restored to the enjoyment and freedom of the children of God. May we find thy truth bearing upon ourselves individually, may we look into our own hearts first and bring *them* to thee, and do thou smile upon us, and unite us as one in thee, that we may honour the gospel of thy dear Son, and glorify thee our Father in heaven.

1840. *January.*—Another year has opened upon me,—oh, how solemn is the lapse of time! I have drank of the cup of affliction such as my soul never knew before, and often the billows have seemed ready to overwhelm me; yet, O my Father, I have been

sustained, I have been comforted, and I am the living to praise thee. I thank thee that I have been quickened to feel more alive to the privilege of prayer. I know thou art a God, hearing prayer, and art far more ready to give than we are to ask of thee; yes, I know we honour thee by asking *largely* from thy storehouse of mercy, yet how slothful I have been, and very prone to distrust thee; often straitened in my requests by a doubt of thy willingness to grant, or to attend to the desires, my soul has poured out at thy footstool. This is sin; but I would not so dishonour my God any more; in simple dependence upon his love and mercy, I would place my every want, my every anxiety, in his hand * * *

19*th.*—The weather has been stormy, so that I have not dared to go out to-day. This would have been a source of grief to me, did I not feel assuredly that my heavenly Father orders all my ways, and appoints and arranges all his providential dealings with me in the way best fitted for humbling me, and leading me to entire dependence upon himself. It is sweet to meet his dear people in the sanctuary, and mingle my note of praise with theirs—to feed in the green pastures and by the still waters; but what is it that renders these privileges refreshing to the soul? Is it not because Jesus is there, and is he confined to time or place? Oh, no! and to-day I can bear testimony to the delightful assurance that he is near the weary pilgrim, and sweetly reveals himself as the strength, and hope, and portion, of all his people. Yes, I feel a peace the world cannot attain, and a joy that makes me long to enter upon an eternal Sabbath, of which the joys of a Sabbath on earth are but a faint emblem.

February 19*th.*—My soul is in sweet peace this

morning. I have had much nearness to God in our prayer meeting. The members were much in the spirit, and earnest in seeking the divine blessing. Oh, for more of a wrestling spirit for myself and others. I trust the Lord will shine upon our little band of sisters who meet weekly for prayer. I tremble lest I do not improve this privilege, and have need to watch and pray against a formal spirit, and a service that flows from the lips only. My mind is much exercised about the concerns of the church in Elder Street. I fear a spirit opposed to that of Christ already works. I tremble for the consequences, if Satan thus gain the advantage, for how can we expect God to be with us, to direct us and preserve us in the path of duty, if we are actuated by any merely selfish feeling, or any unholy temper? The spirit of God cannot dwell even in his own temple whilst desecrated by the principles of worldly wisdom and sin. May we be stirred up to prayer and jealousy over ourselves, and feel for each other such tender sympathy and care, as shall prevent our offending or injuring our brethren in any way. May all be slow to speak, *judging none*, but seeking only the glory of God, and the salvation of precious souls. What has given rise to the unhappy feeling, I regret, is in the choice of a joint pastor with Mr Innes. Many are in favour of Mr Cameron, others do not think, *as Baptists*, we can consistently introduce into our pulpit as a *stated teacher*, one who views infant baptism as scriptural. For my own part, I feel so much benefit from Mr Cameron's labours, that I should consider myself privileged beyond expression to sit as a regular worshipper where he ministers. I always get knowledge of God and of myself from his private and public labours. I am quickened, humbled, the world is reduced to its proper level, and

unseen realities are exhibited in such a light, that my soul longs to be delivered from sin, for the enjoyment and society of a region so pure and holy. When such are the effects of his preaching, I dare not allow my views of baptism to influence my decision. That ordinance is doubtless a duty binding on the disciples of Christ, but how many other things, and things of an *internal* nature, we require to be instructed in, and reminded of, and to have again and again urged upon our consciences; I feel *my* heart very, very deep; it needs *probing*, and I find that the very fact of our differing from others in an *external* act, places us in a position exposed to the danger of magnifying an outward duty, whilst the evils of our heart lie buried from our observation. It is necessary to take care that we do not lay undue stress upon any *one* part of the divine word, and more especially when that part is merely an outward expression of love to the Saviour,—for it is much easier to demonstrate our profession, by the sacrifices which people ordinarily make to follow out the principles of adult baptism than to walk daily, hourly, as we are enjoined to do, with God. Few are called to make the sacrifices I made, and yet that was comparatively easy, to following out the crucifying of the flesh, purifying the heart, and cultivating the mind that was in Jesus.

23*d*.—My soul is heavy to-day, though I have had access with some measure of confidence into the presence of my Father in heaven;—yes, I have been privileged to pour out my soul at his footstool, and to plead with him on behalf of myself and others. Seasons of prayer, when the Spirit guides our devotions, and the light of God's countenance shines upon our souls, when we have in fact fellowship with the Father

and his son Jesus Christ,—oh, how precious, how consoling to the burdened weary soul! I have found it good to draw near to God, the Lord has been with me, strengthening my faith. I need help to trust continually, in the many dark hours with which I am visited. I think I feel the void in my heart more and more every day; time does not soften the pang of being childless, time does not dry up the tears of bitterness over the loss of my darling first born, and only one. Though I try to hide the acuteness of my feelings from my husband, lest I add a pang to what he already endures, every hour, every object brings before me the dear—too dear—lost one, and makes life—apart from duty and Christ's cause—a blank, and the world a solitary abode.* Yes, I feel this heavy stroke has thrown a shade over all things here below; the world is not to me the same. I seem to have (apart from my husband) no personal interest in it, except as a member in the family of Christ, and bound in duty and love to extend his kingdom, and live to his praise. Oh, that I could live more above things seen and temporal!

* How true is it, that in seeking to promote the happiness, or mitigate the grief of others, we find relief to our own sorrows. The writer had witnessed enough of this truly amiable characteristic in the conduct of her he now deplores, to make him aware of the *duty* of following so praiseworthy an example, but he laments that the effort on his part was not more perseveringly made, to reduce that example to practice. Had more of the time spent in brooding over his own sorrow been employed in the benevolent labour of soothing the grief of his beloved partner, he would have escaped much subsequent self-reproach, and perhaps have avoided, in a measure, that loss of mental and physical health which followed the immoderate indulgence of painful emotions, and greatly aggravated the distress of an affectionate wife. May every mourning reader to whom the above remarks may be applicable, make a practical use of the example and the caution.

I know that my Father has done right, and I would rather dwell in adoring gratitude upon his goodness in housing our precious, precious lamb so soon, and putting him in possession of the promised land. Oh, yes, *he is there!*—delightful thought! At this moment he is casting his crown at the feet of Jesus, and pouring out his ransomed soul in strains we cannot reach or imagine. Let us emulate his song, and arise and follow through the gates into the city:—the night with me is far spent, I know not how soon an eternal day may dawn. Blessed Jesus, enable me to press on, to be faithful, in thy light may I see light, and count all things but loss to be found in thee. Above all, O Lord, sanctify all my trials; thou art the refiner, and should it be necessary to keep me yet longer in the furnace, enable me to hold on by thee, to wait on thee in the darkest, most intricate path, and patiently hope for the breaking of the day. Then, oh, then, will come the song of joy, and it will roll on, deepening in power at every fresh recollection of the mournful strains that too often accompanied the steps of our earthly pilgrimage!

25th.—* * * A weight of agony oppresses me I cannot bear,—hear my groans,—I know not what to ask! I would fain lift up my voice to bless thee; yes, blessed God! what I feel is *thy* hand, and I would recognize it, and adore thee, though my heart bleeds at every pore. I know there is a necessity for every pang, yea, not a sigh is unheeded by thee, nor would it be permitted, did not infinite wisdom see the path I am called to tread through the wilderness to be the safest and best. * * * And yet I am not alone, "the Father is with me." Compassionate God! forgive my feeble faith, pity a heart that would wholly

be thine, and enable me to cast myself upon thine unchanging love ; thou knowest my circumstances, thou knowest my wants. O that I could *rejoice* in thy will, and in suffering !—for I find it draws me near *to thee ;* fill me with thy Spirit, and may I be enabled to cleave to my precious Saviour as my portion and my desire. * * * * O gracious Spirit ! help me to banish every rising thought that resists thy power, or breathes any other wish than *all thy will*—a life long or short as thou pleasest—a heart filled with *thyself*, and running the way of thy commandments ;—come anything that quickens me heavenward,—that glorifies Jesus, and prepares me for the unclouded sunshine of my home above. And, O merciful Father and God ! remember my husband, never would I forget him when with thee ; shed peace into his soul, and then we shall rejoice and praise thy name together.

26*th*.—Held our weekly female prayer meeting, my mind has been much refreshed, and I felt near access to God. O that I had more simplicity of faith, but I feel it very weak, the Lord seems long in coming to my burdened heart ; but blessed be his name it is only in appearance, for at this moment he regards me and my cry, and would have answered at once, did he not in his wisdom see a reason for delay. * * * * I felt it sweet to unite with thy children at thy throne, it was an antepast of the blessedness that fills that glorious assemblage in which I humbly trust to mingle when time is no more. Our hearts seemed united in sympathy for all mankind, especially for the church of the living God. The portions of scripture read were chapters xiv. and xvii. of St John's gospel,—precious emanations of the divine mercy and love ; that *one* line, " That they all may be one,"—how infinite the concep-

tion,—how glorious the accomplishment,—how like Jesus,—how worthy of God! O for a more lively impress of these sweet words! Alas! I have to mourn much that is adverse to that blessed state of pure and holy feeling,—such an absence of a meek and humble spirit. How much rising displeasure have I felt to-day! when I should rather have imitated him who was meek and lowly, in endeavouring to *draw* others to what I believe to be right. Lord, give me wisdom and humility, I have much to humble me. O to be emptied of *self* and *filled with Jesus*. Hasten on, ye lingering moments! ere a few more sands are out, this body of death will weigh me down no more, the conflict will cease,—even now the victory is sure, for Jesus has made it so, my life is hid with him in God. He overcame *for me*, He reigns *for me*, His blood intercedes, His righteousness covers, and His spirit will also quicken my mortal body from corruption, to eternal life and joy! With such a hope, should I ever hang my harp upon the willows? No!—let me count trial, joy,—and seek even suffering, if in that way I am sanctified, and brought near to God.

March 7th.—I stand by faith, solemn fact!—and yet what a secure hope; I take hold of the strength of God and live,—yes, *for ever;* it is everlasting life I have by faith in Christ, and as he lives, the branch that abides in him cannot cease to possess at least the principle of life. All I seem to do is *to breathe* after God; my feeble, shattered, spiritual frame shows what a fearful thing sin is, and how dreadful the conflict we must sometimes maintain, against the still more dreadful evils of our polluted hearts. I feel I am,—since the deep waters through which I have passed in domestic trial,—like a tree blasted by the storm, life is not extinct,

for the root lives, but the branches are broken and leafless, and the fruit lies scattered on the ground. The Lord has spared his east wind, but the rough wind has deprived me of every refuge, blessed be his name, but the Rock of Ages. On him my soul rests, and as I look from this glorious eminence, I bless him for his tender care, though it has been in judgment. How I wonder at his forbearance! * * *

14*th*.—An important event in our history as a family,—oh may it in the end be for the glory of God! We have at length decided upon taking a child into the house to bring up. This has been a subject of agonizing anxiety to me, and I have repeatedly laid it before the throne of grace, I have wrestled, fervently wrestled with God to show us his will, and *to hedge up* our way, so that we might not, could not, do what was displeasing to him, or what he would not bless. I have made it a subject for fasting also, so that I do hope the Lord is guiding us. My beloved husband's habitually depressed state of mind seemed to render it necessary; in order to divert his attention, and excite an interest in his feelings, both of which are apt to settle in gloom and despondency. O Lord, if it be thy will to spare the little stranger, may she grow up in thy fear, and may we be enabled to guide her infant mind in the path of righteousness and peace.*

19*th*.—I have received a wound to-day that pierces

* This dear child soon became possessed of a large share of Mrs Innes' affection; a few hours before her eyes were closed in death, her little charge (then five years old) was brought into the room, and placed in her sight upon a sofa at the foot of the bed. Her voice was then becoming inarticulate, and she was just able to falter out the words, "My precious Lamb"—then calling me to her side she added, with all the emphasis of which she was capable,—"*William! remember Annie.*"

my heart. But, hush every murmur! O my soul, *the voice is the Lord's!*—suppress every rising feeling of anger; friends may malign, but thy Father "bids" them do it, may I kiss the rod. I understand some of the members of our church censure me severely for the step we have taken, in reference to the child mentioned formerly. *This* is what I was not prepared for, remembering how much I have suffered to *know the will of God*, and feeling that in every sense it is a trial to me, excepting as it may prove a comfort to my husband. Instead of condemnation, I need the sympathy of my Christian brethren;—let me cease from man. Wave rolls upon wave, but if they drive me into the haven of peace, I shall in the end bless every billow. The shafts of the enemies of my blessed Master levelled against me fall pointless to the ground, but not so those of his friends,—of such as profess to be heirs with me of the heavenly inheritance. Let me not, however, dwell upon this painful subject, but rather pray that they may be forgiven, and I, led to breathe towards them the spirit of Jesus. I did hope I had a claim upon their tenderness, from the severe and protracted trials I have suffered. The wound made when I laid my beloved only one in the silent tomb yet bleeds, and will do so till we meet to part no more,—time does not diminish the agony of my loss, truly it is "bitterness," and mingles in every cup. * * * * I have been enabled to plead on their behalf* at a mercy-seat, and to leave myself, and all that concerns me in the hands of him that judges righteously. I did at first fear that my usefulness might be impeded, or that I might be a stumbling block to others; either of

* The parties above referred to.

which I dread much, and I have entreated my heavenly Father in his mercy to prevent either, if such a trial be not necessary to humble me,—which it may be, and may I seek to be sanctified *in any way* best fitted to subdue sin, and glorify God.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO HER SISTER.

"*Edinburgh, 6th March*, 1840.—MY DEAREST ELIZABETH,—It was with anxious feelings I read in my aunt's letter that you were again an invalid. The Lord is speaking to you in these visitations; they are preparatory to the *last call*. I am inclined to think, one object the Lord has in view by his dispensations in respect to your health, is, to give you leisure for reflection, by obliging you to relinquish the close application you conceive it your duty to make,—and does it not appear so to yourself?—especially when you look to the state of your feelings, which you describe as alarmingly affected by the pressure of external things upon your time and attention. Your letter affected me very much, and when I heard of your illness I was struck with the goodness of God in thus *giving* you *time to think*. The divine life is a tender plant, and must be nourished with care; it requires not only the Spirit of God to preserve it in existence, but *we* must use the means appointed for maturing it, and giving to it health and vigour. We must have time for prayer, time for reading the word, and time for reflection, if we would grow in the divine life; the mind, you know, my dear Elizabeth, receives the impress of, and the feelings are operated upon by,

the things with which they are most familiar; it is evident, then, that *as we sow we reap;* if to the flesh, corruption; if to the Spirit, life eternal. It is God that worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure, but we must also work out our own salvation with fear and trembling. I am not surprised to hear you complain of deadness, nor do I wonder that you sometimes doubt being a child of God; forgive me, my dear sister, if I speak too plainly, but do you give enough of time to God? The Spirit dwells in believers, but it is possible for us to suspend his influence, we may for a time quench his work in our souls. I here speak from experience, for I know the sad position of a careless backsliding state, and would exhort every Christian who has fallen into it, to return instantly to his God, for delay increases the difficulty, as unbelief will arise in the mind. Sin ever views God as an enemy, and Satan delights to give weight to the impression of him in that character; our safety is *at once* to fly to Jesus, no matter what we have been, 'tis sinners he invites, and his blood cleanses from all sin. In your circumstances, my dearest Elizabeth, you have only to go to your Father in heaven and tell him those circumstances, and ask of him to give you *his Spirit*, and make you what he would have you to be; glorify him by *believing* that he will do it for you, and most assuredly you will not be disappointed; and oh, think of the peace a forgiving God restores, when we go to him in the way he has appointed, we cannot plead a Saviour's blood in vain; perfumed with this sweet incense our prayers go direct through every hindrance to a mercy-seat,—welcomed by Jehovah. * * * It is a severe struggle, but the everlasting covenant cannot fail, only keep near to God, and your peace will flow as a river; *above all things*

never, never doubt God's love and his willingness to bless you with salvation. I wish you would write often, it would be useful to us both to communicate freely our feelings, besides a special promise belongs to those who fear the Lord, speak often one to another, and think upon his name.—Malachi iii. 16. Help us by your prayers to improve all our dispensations, they are meant to sanctify us, and prepare us for a better home. I often think if you were near us, we should have much sweet intercourse upon our privileges and future hopes, we could mourn together over the sin, I trust, we hate, and long to be free from, and encourage each other by our high and exalted calling to keep an eye steadily fixed within the vail. O for the entire destruction of sin, and a deeper sense of its malignity !—*to hate it as God hates it.* * * *"

DIARY.

April 7th.— * * * * I do at this moment long to depart and be with Jesus, Oh to see him as he is !—blessed hope !—my soul seems ready to burst its narrow confines, to behold his glory unveiled, and worship at his feet. O to mingle in the hallelujahs that echo through the spacious vault of heaven !—may I be fitted for that glorious song of praise. Every day I regard the things seen, more and more as a shadow, and vanity ; I long to be done with all, and enter upon the inheritance reserved for the justified in Christ Jesus. Even so come, Lord Jesus.

13th.—A dear christian sister comes every Monday to engage with me in prayer for ourselves and others, but indisposition prevents me seeing her this morning. O for the time when this body will no longer be a hindrance, when my spirit will be free from every

clog, and raise spontaneously the grateful song of praise! I feel, however, blessed be God, my hope secure, and independent of my frame of mind or state of feeling; Jesus is the stronghold of my soul and I rest in him. This indisposition reminds me of my coming end, it speaks of death,—death, not now an enemy, but a messenger of joy and peace. O why is it, that I, so unworthy, am thus blessed? Blessed truly are they whom thou dost choose, and makest approach to thee,—in thy strength they triumph over every enemy, and tread down every thorn and briar by the way. Satan shrinks from the rising beams of the sun of righteousness on their souls, and death and the grave have lost their power since Jesus conquered them, and in Him all his people will conquer too.

May 17th.—I have had much enjoyment in the house of God to-day. The waters of the sanctuary have been very sweet, and I felt Jesus very precious, and very near. Yes, on him my soul rested in the full assurance of hope, whilst eternity opened before me in the delightful aspect of glory, peace, and purity for ever. On the wings of faith I could look into my Father's house, as my future home, though I groan under a body of sin, that often weighs down my spirit, and makes it as a clod of the valley. Blessed truth, "the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin."

CHAPTER VIII.

How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds;
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

Mrs Barbauld.

We part—and yet it soothes my pain
To think my prayer, though faint and weak,
May sometimes help you to attain
The comfort or the grace you seek.

And when, in other climes, your prayer
Ascends to God's paternal throne,
Remember one who meets you there,—
Pour forth for me your orison.

Baptist Noel.

A NOTE of introduction from a mutual friend resulted in an acquaintance with Mrs Sigourney of America, which soon ripened into a warm friendship. That gifted lady visited Scotland in the autumn of 1840, and being seized with a slight attack of illness,—when about to accompany into the highlands the party of American friends with whom she travelled,—was prevailed on to remain in Edinburgh, and became the guest of our family circle, who were but too happy to receive her. This fortnight was a period often afterwards referred to with the most pleasing remembrance. The writer is not aware that any of the poetical sketches

that follow, written at this time, and kindly presented to different members of the family, have appeared in print.

Prayer at Sea.

Prayer may be sweet in cottage homes,
  Where sire and child devoutly kneel ;
And through the open casement near,
  The summer blossoms gently steal.

Prayer may be sweet in stately halls,
  Where heart with kindred heart is blent ;
And upwards to the eternal throne
  The hymn of praise melodious sent.

But he, who fain would know how deep
  The soul's appeal to God may be,
From friends and native land should turn,
  A wanderer on the faithless sea :

Should hear its strong imploring tone
  Rise upward, o'er the thundering surge,
When billows toss the fragile bark,
  And winds with waves their conflict urge.

No spot on which his feet can rest,
  No refuge where his form may flee,—
How will he cling, O Rock divine !
  And bind his anchoring hope to thee.

L. H. S.

Doubt.

What have I with Doubt to do ?
  Is my Saviour strong to save ?
Hath he crushed the spoiler's sting ?
  Won the victory from the grave ?

Saith he in his word of truth,
  " Him that cometh unto me
I will in no wise cast out ;"
  Is his promise then so free ?

Is the fitness he requireth
But to seek his glorious face,
Feel our need, deplore our folly,—
And receive the boundless grace?

Shall I then distrust his kindness?
Shall I disbelieve his voice?
Scorn his love, and walk in darkness,
When he bids me to rejoice?

Shall I go in heathen sorrow,
Mourning all my journey through?
Fearing, murmuring, disobeying,—
What have I with Doubt to do?

L. H. S.

"I WAS A STRANGER AND YE TOOK ME IN."

And why was this?—what right had I,
Poor wanderer from a foreign land,
The shelter of your roof to share,
Or mingle with your household band,

Upon your couch my wearied head
In fearless confidence to lay,
And find compassion's gentlest deeds
Renewed untiring day by day?

Say why was this?—no kindred blood
Gave me to cares like these a claim;
The only passport in my hand
Was sickness and a stranger's name.

I saw the meek and saintly man
A holy book devoutly read,—
And there, upon its heaven-writ page,
Was found the warrant for the deed.

So may the love that you have poured
Into the homeless heart, and lone,
In tenfold measure from above
Descend to cheer and bless your own.

L. H. S.

DIARY.

September 30th.—Our dear friend, Mrs Sigourney from America, left us this morning, after a sojourn amongst us of a fortnight. It is painful to part with those we love, especially those with whom we are linked in sympathy of the most endearing, never-fading kind. Hearts knit together in the love of Christ, find their languid powers revived, courage strengthened, or perhaps infused, the judgment corrected, conscience quickened, sin brought to light, and hope animated, by unreserved communion of feeling and converse on the high and holy calling of the redeemed sinner. When such a privilege is withdrawn it seems for a while as if heaven's light ceased to shine, and yet this should not be ; 'tis true, we miss the help from such sweet sources, but is the fountain dried up because the streams are not to be seen ? O my soul ! suffer not such events, however painful, to weaken thy faith, but rather soar above all that is distressing and tending to annoy, to those regions where all is peace, joy, soul-satisfying, and for ever. We have had a sweet, and I trust instructive, interview with our dear friend. When first introduced I did not anticipate much congeniality of feeling ; I felt as if thrown to a distance by her mental qualifications, but, on farther acquaintance, I found her nature so truly moulded to sympathy, and that she possessed so much of the habit of accommodating herself to those around her, that my fears were soon dissipated, and my heart drawn to her as a friend. Blessed provision,—the solace of friendship ! how sweet as we glide down the stream of time ! instead of murmuring when it is temporarily withdrawn, we should bless our

God that we are permitted to drink of the brook by the way, and journey on in the hope of appearing with all the saints before God in Zion. Our dear friend's mind is one of no ordinary cast; her intellectual culture has been great, and her natural endowments are very rare. She appears to possess a mind combining reasoning, reflecting, and observing powers, of the first order, with a temperament alive to the finest susceptibilities of our nature. Her humility in reference to herself as a public character is remarkable, and her sense of sin and short-coming in the sight of God, very striking and lovely. The object of her existence seems to be to do good; her benevolent feelings are diffused over the whole of suffering nature, whilst, at the same time, she retains in her heart a sacred shrine for individual sympathies. Meeting with one who stands upon the battlements of Israel, I consider a special call from the Lord of hosts, and I pray that her example may be blessed, her prayers answered, and her advice sanctified and improved. I do feel my faith strengthened. Oh, may I be enabled to look forward beyond the gulf of time,—to rest in a child-like spirit upon the rock of my strength, and though the mighty billows toss and foam around me, I shall weather the storm, and at length reach the abode where the weary are at rest.

A frequent correspondence followed the departure of Mrs Sigourney, of which only the letters written by that lady,—carefully kept and much prized,—are in the author's possession; no copies of Mrs Innes' having been retained. The introduction of so pleasing a variety as is furnished by the insertion of portions of

those letters, though somewhat of an episodical character, in the narrative, will, it is hoped, require no apology.

"*London*, 21*st October* 1840.—I trust that the Father of all our mercies has ere this restored your health, and hope you may have felt able to commence that new form of benevolence, about which we so often conversed,* and which promises to effect so much good both here and hereafter. I know how your heart is set upon all such works, and that you require no prompting, but that of a prudent regard to your own delicate strength. * * * And now, how is dear ———— ? I feel so sure we are congenial spirits. Tell him there is grace enough to bear us both through, and to take us rejoicing throughout the whole of our pilgrimage into the presence of "the most excellent glory." Therefore let him take hold of the promises, for they are his ; and if God loveth "a cheerful giver,"—loves he not also a cheerful receiver ? Tell him not a day passes but I think of the many kind offices he used to render me."

"*Hartford, Conn.*, 24*th July* 1841.—Often since my return to my native shores and beloved home, have I, in spirit, indited long and affectionate epistles to you ; but many, many cares have prevented my giving the more durable vehicles of ink and paper. I felt that you were assured that I could never forget you. * * * I was borne in safety over the great deep, though we incurred great peril of life on the 18th and 19th of April, from the proximity of more than 300 icebergs,—the largest of which was more than 100 feet high, and three quarters of a mile in length ; and the thermometer suddenly sinking to 8 degrees below the freez-

* Referring to the instruction of poor children, subsequently noticed in the Diary.

ing point, petrified us with cold. Terrible creatures of God's power are they, as many a mouldering wreck in the depths of the ocean might testify. But the sleepless eye of heaven saved us."

"*Hartford, Conn., 7th July* 1842.—I was beginning to feel that a long time had elapsed since I had indulged myself in conversing with you through the medium of the pen, when your last kind letter arrived telling me that you thought so too. I have become a dilatory,—I am not willing to say a neglectful correspondent, for many months; and when I commence a letter, am obliged to devote a great part of it to explanation and apology. * * * All the apartments in your mansion, and the countenance and movements of each one of its inmates, are as distinct before me as a never-fading picture. Good Dr B—— too, and his ministrations in my hours of sickness, are cherished in warm recollection, and with an earnest hope that he, and you, may be blessed of the Lord for your kindness and sympathy. I am glad that you have seen Elliot Cresson, and that he has seen you. He is an example of entire devotedness of life and fortune to a branch of Christian philanthropy, to advance which, he has made nobly and laboriously many sacrifices."

About three years after her visit to Scotland, some allegations unfavourable to Mrs Sigourney appeared in a periodical, entitled the "Story Teller." When made aware of the fact, an earnest desire to vindicate the character of her injured friend induced Mrs Innes to adopt a suggestion made to her,—that the most likely means of obtaining correct information on the points in question, would be to solicit from the lady whose name was mentioned in connexion with Mrs Sigourney's, an

explanation of the circumstances, and thus an opportunity would be afforded of rebutting statements of which the correctness seemed to us almost impossible, thoroughly knowing Mrs Sigourney as we did.

To Mrs Southey.

"Edinburgh, 26*th April* 1843.

"Madam,—I feel that an apology is due for intruding at a time when the voice—even of christian sympathy—is scarcely heard,—conscious that the widowed mourner claims above all others the privilege of being alone with God. Yet I am persuaded you will pardon the liberty when you know the circumstance that induces me to take it. A severe article has appeared in the 'Morning Herald,'* of recent date, accusing Mrs L. H. Sigourney of forcing herself upon your attention, and making an improper use of a letter you kindly wrote to her, by inserting it in a recent volume, entitled 'Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands.' It is further stated, that the letter had been interpolated in such a way as to destroy its genuineness. Mrs Sigourney was a guest in our family during her visit to Edinburgh, and an opportunity was thus afforded of forming a judgment of her character, which we consider of the highest moral standard; exemplifying in a striking manner, the pure and holy principles she advocates in all her literary labours for the public good;—at the same time possessing a timidity that shrinks from notice, being remarkably unobtrusive, and diffident of her own powers, though feeling alive to the merits of others. Such being peculiar features in the character of our estimable friend, we are satisfied that the charge alluded to (the first breath of calumny that ever passed

* Copied from the "Story Teller."

over her fair fame) is unfounded. And if it be so, it is unreasonable and unjust that she should suffer in public opinion on account of it, we shall therefore be happy to be authorized by you to contradict it. Deeply sypathizing in your bereaved and desolate state, and praying that he who can fill up every blank may be the husband of the widow,—I am, Madam, &c."

A most courteous reply was sent to the above application. Mrs Southey being (as was fully anticipated) totally ignorant of the authorship of the article in question; several explanatory letters passed on this subject, one from Mrs Sigourney, containing a full and satisfactory explanation, concludes thus :—

"*Hartford, Connecticut, July* 15, 1843.—To you, dear Mrs Innes, who have so nobly voluntered to seek justice for me, and to your father and husband, from whom I found such christian hospitality, both in sickness and in health, I found such explanation was due, lest haply you might be led to think that you had sheltered under your peaceful roof a guest, deficient in the common elements of good faith,—a vulture, capable of tearing out your vitals and her own. I am sorry that these grievous charges should have come upon me from the mother land, which I thought I had so much reason to love,—still I am glad they did not originate in dear Scotia, the clime which my blessed father used to take such pride in, as the birth-place of his own father and their ancestors. They have done me some harm in my own country, which, like ancient Athens, is always ready both to 'hear and tell some new thing.' They are not believed where I am known, but our territory is wide, and its extreme sections are as strangers to each other; and the spirit of disrespect in which they are

written, borrows force by coming accross the Atlantic. Still they have called forth friends and defenders where I least expected them,—so that, on the whole, there is room for gratitude. But I am oppressed with the egotism that this subject has forced upon me and others, and as this is the longest and most wearisome specimen of it, so I hope that it may be the last. * * *"

Though originating in a trivial mistake, the topic soon became the subject of much newspaper gossip, both in this country and in America. As the letters quoted may have somewhat excited the curiosity of the reader, it may not be out of place to insert a short article that appeared in an Edinburgh newspaper (the *Scotsman*) of date 27th May, 1843 :—

"MRS SIGOURNEY AND MRS SOUTHEY.

"An article appeared some weeks ago in several of the metropolitan and other newspapers, (which was copied into the *Scotsman*) relative to those ladies, reflecting considerable blame upon Mrs Sigourney, the details of which it seems unnecessary here to repeat. We think it fair, however, to state that we have had submitted to us a correspondence between Mrs Southey and a party resident in Edinburgh, in which Mrs Southey distinctly disclaims any participation in the authorship of the article in question, or knowledge of the source whence it originated. It is satisfactory to the friends of Mrs Sigourney to know, that the paragraph 'annoyed as much as it surprised' Mrs Southey, and that the opinion expressed by that estimable lady, who we presume is best qualified to form a judgment in the case, is as favourable as could be desired, and directly opposed to the misrepresentations recently circulated."

DIARY.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF OUR BELOVED BOY'S BIRTH-DAY, 21ST OCT. 1840,—IN BED AND FAR FROM WELL, BUT MUCH COMFORTED BY THESE LINES ARISING IN MY MIND.

Why should I mourn my absent one,
He's safe with Christ above ;
His soul escaped from earth's dark realm,
Knows nothing now but love.

Say—as ye trace his upward flight—
Say, would ye call him thence,—
To change his rapturous song of praise,
For pain, and sin, and sense ?

Oh, no !—recal that murmuring sigh
Check, check the starting tear,
Hark from heaven's portal sounds divine
Fall on the listening ear !

A shout of glory !—one sweet voice,
In cadence high and clear,
Tells of a love that echoes wide,
Through every rolling sphere.

An infant sings !—an infant's saved !—
Again, the throng above
Tune golden harps, and cast their crowns
Before the God of love.

Saved ere the reign of sin began,—
Called at heaven's high behest—
Ere yet the pang of care or woe
Assailed his peaceful breast.

A jealous eye beheld the snare,
The tempter's art He knew,—
Therefore in faithfulness and love
The precious gift withdrew.

His path was like a beauteous star,
That gleams through sombre skies,—
To cheer the traveller's homeward way,
As onward, faint, he hies.

Methinks I hear the whispering speech,—
The mention of my name,—
The opening buds of heart and mind,
That spoke of hope and fame.

But hush my soul,—nor linger here,
It opes a fount of blood ;
Fear lest thine anguished heart betray,
A rebel thought of God.

Soon we shall reach our infant's home,
Our infant's God behold ;
And ever, ever with him dwell
Safe in the eternal fold.

M. I.

After referring to a confinement of some weeks for delicate health, she says, under date of November 4th, * * * I know that I merit more than I get of trial and punishment ; let me consider what voice speaks in all this,—perhaps time is drawing to a close with me, perhaps the Lord has other work for me to do ; let me give myself up to him and his cause, as I do most sincerely, most heartily, in a way I never did before. This last stroke seems to have shaken me more forcibly from creature holds, than any I have before experienced. I feel perfectly resigned to be as God commands, and only wish to remain below to finish my appointed course ;—otherwise, oh how I should rejoice to depart, and be no longer an inhabitant of this scene of sin and tears !

November 8th.—I am privileged to see another day of

the Son of Man. O the peace,—the soul satisfying peace of the heart—that can look to God as reconciled, that can approach a mercy-seat through God's dear Son !

Mr Lyon from Benares addressed us on the duty and importance of labouring by *every* means to extend the kingdom of Christ, and to destroy the power of him by whom sinners are stimulated to insult and blaspheme the name of Jehovah. I felt his appeals reach my heart and conscience, and was deeply humbled and led to see my individual duty, with a resolve by divine grace to live more *for* God,—for God's glory in the good of others. I felt that not a part only of the influence and time I possess, must be given to him who died for me, but my *all*,—" my heart, my life, my all ;" and I breathed a prayer that I might henceforth be a *living sacrifice*. My soul, as by faith it grasped unseen realities, seemed lost to every thing but the glory of him who is so precious to it, and I felt how transient my sufferings in time, heavy as they are, will appear when faith is exchanged for sight. At the Lord's table I had a sweet season, and much nearness to God in prayer at home in the afternoon ; I felt a longing for the conversion of the whole human family, and was enabled to pour out my soul on their behalf. In the evening I had a conflict within, on the duty of praying with the servant, whose turn it was to be at home,—I, however, attempted to plead, and did feel deeply for her. She evinced a mind yet untouched by divine grace. O how painful to witness such a case ; and what distinguished mercy that I,—a rebel,—a servant of sin, should have been made to differ !—what a claim has He who broke my chain to my every power of soul and body ! Lord, take every element of thought and desire into thine hands. May I by grace, being made free from the bond-

age of sin, become indeed the servant of righteousness, having my "fruit unto holiness," and my end "everlasting life."

December 2*d*.—I feel much on account of the poor children, who come for instruction during the week; they are children whose parents are either too poor, or too careless to send them to any school. Their ignorance is extreme, and the dispositions of some present a formidable barrier, humanly speaking, to the reception of right feelings, and those habits which may prove a safeguard in after-life, in a place, where females in the humble walks of life,—and especially servants,—become the prey of Satan, and fill those places of resort where every evil reigns.

27*th*.—To-day I am prevented attending the house of God, but have I lacked a Sabbath's blessing?—has the Father of our spirits turned aside from the retirement of a solitary worshipper, or rejected the cry that ascended *alone*? No,—Oh, my soul! thou knowest that he is to be found of all who worship him in spirit, and truly,—though meriting only a breath that would consume me,—I have tasted of fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ. I have had sweet, all-powerful, access within the vail, and have been able to plead with Jesus as with a brother! * * * The wilderness of life is blighting, a blast occasionally sweeps across and threatens to uproot me. Lord, I would keep my eye on thee, and remember that as thou livest, so will thy people survive all, and live in thee. Pardon the murmuring and questioning of my sinful heart,—it is no sufficient plea that affliction is long, and heavy, for it is *thy* hand, and though sometimes not perceived, and *hardly believed*, yet it is all, all in love,—infinite, unchanging love, and ere long we shall be

satisfied it is so, and be ashamed that now we do not enter into the mind and will of our Father and God. Yes! when the trammels of earth are laid aside for ever, we shall, I feel assured, raise a shout of hallelujah for the very events that now pierce our hearts, and make this scene a valley of Baca,—a valley of tears. Oh, may it prove a well of life-giving, reviving waters to our souls! Sometimes I am blessed with such a view of unseen realities, as throws into the shade every thing terrestrial, every thing but my *home above;* and and then I long to depart;—I long to see him whom my soul loveth. Oh, the transcendent glory of the hope that animates the redeemed sinner, and the unsearchable compassion of him who stoops to solace such miserable creatures, and condescends with still more benignity to exalt them to where he is, in the enjoyment of himself, and the full fruition of his glory! Oh, the sweet melody of the sounds that break from the enraptured multitude around the throne!—harps unnumbered tell of Jesus slain. There,—in the contemplation of celestial beauties, never seen by mortal eye,—the soul wakes to perfect purity and peace. Oh! when shall I see as I am seen, and enter within the gates into the city? Lord, prepare me, and give me to feel how much is to be done, ere I am ready for the solemn call.

With the children this afternoon I felt considerable liberty in prayer, and explaining the scriptures; may the seed be watered, and their hearts touched by divine grace. I sometimes get discouraged and begin to faint; but I think of the long-suffering of Jehovah to myself, and this reproves me, and leads me to renewed exertion and hope. Lord God shine upon us, and O may this house,—though a habitation of the dust, and its

inmates born of corruption,—be overshadowed from on high, and become a Bethel,—a Bethesda,—a house of God, and a gate of heaven.

31*st.*—Another year is closing. At such a distinctive period it becomes us to look very particularly to our position as dying creatures, and to examine the past, the present, and the future, as professed disciples of him who sanctified an opening year by the commencement of the glorious work by which we are saved from the consequences and the power of sin. I have need to be humbled at the retrospection of the extent to which I have given to created objects, the offerings, —the thoughts,—the love, that should have been my Heavenly Father's alone!—I have indeed "robbed God!"—Oh, precious word!—"the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from *all sin*."

1841. *January 29th.*—The waters are come in unto my soul, and I feel pent up in darkness where there is no light;—but is there no help, has God forgotten to be gracious? Be hushed such thoughts!—*Jesus is near*, —he bends an eye of pity, and will, by and by, appear for our rescue. Wait, then, oh, my soul, wait at his feet, hope even against hope, trust only in God. It is through my beloved husband the dart of anguish comes,* but I have faith in his God, and my God, in his Father, and mine. Self-reproach adds a tenfold sting to my present trial, I see a cloud of sins in looking through my past experience, and I fear *these* have in some measure brought down the rod. Oh, the agony with which such a thought wrings my heart! To endure myself were comparatively easy, but to see another * * suffering perhaps through myself, truly it is a fountain of blood. God be merciful to me, and in pity

* Referring to an illness.

spare me, and for His sake who died the just for the unjust,—who lives to plead,—whose work thou hast accepted as sufficient,—*look not to me,* but *to Him.* Oh, my Father, cause thy face to shine upon us, deliver us from trouble, and speak peace. Never, never have I felt my dependence so entire, my all so completely in the hands of the Lord, and never have unseen things appeared so vivid,—so real (excepting at the loss of our blessed child.) Now I see something of what a life of faith means, and the awful nature of an eternal state. My dear W—— often breathes this spirit of faith, and longs that the furnace may be sanctified, and to be made meet for the rest on high. "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift," may we repose on His arms of love, and He will give us rest.

February 2d.—I feel a sweet peace this morning,—a resting on Jesus,—my cares and sorrows all resolved into that precious assurance, "the Lord thinketh on me." The turmoils and the perplexities of this life, only tend to fix more firmly the trusting soul on him, whose power, whose love, is divine. When He comforts,—when He is near, all other things recede from our affections; He *is enough,* and we feel armed for all that lies in the way marked out as our path to the tomb, —even for the last great conflict, when heart and flesh, unaided from on high, would faint and fail. * * * Oh, may I guard my deceitful heart; many are the avenues to it, and many are the snares to which such an one is exposed,—the "little foxes," perhaps the most dangerous, because the most subtile and least suspected.* Lord, increase my self-jealousy, and enable me to watch with prayer.

* See "Song of Solomon," one of her favourite portions of Divine truth.

12*th.*—Sometimes the painful, overwhelming exercises of my mind produce much languor, and incapacitate me from engaging in calm reflection or connected thought. At other times I can repose in quiet resignation at the foot of the cross,—and *there* I find peace, which the turmoil of earth cannot destroy, though it may for a time drive away the soul from under its shade, and then trouble rages, and unbelief prevails. With Jesus for my anchor-hold, I am safe amidst the tempest, but driven from the haven I am in clouds and storms, and would sink as lead in the mighty waters, did not an Almighty pilot guide me to the port of refuge and of peace. Then I can say, all is well, Jesus is mine, and I am his, and rejoice in an all-sufficient Saviour I can exclaim, "How long, O Lord! when will 'the day break and the shadows flee away?'"

April 1*st.*—* * * Though conscience upbraids me, I can, I trust, say, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." Oh, why am I thus blessed?—to feel a power drawing me upwards, irrespective of myself, *yea, and in spite of myself*, making me a new creature, and giving me a hope which looks into a vista of never fading glory.

CHAPTER IX.

Faith tells thee, and it tells thee not in vain,
That thou shalt meet thine infant yet again.
On seraph's wings the new-born spirit flies,
To brighter regions and serener skies;
And, ere thou art aware, the day may be
When to those skies thy babe shall welcome thee.
Edmeston.

DIARY.

THESE lines were suggested when my mind was much depressed; our loss came before me, as it often does, with an overpowering sensation, just as we were sitting down to the ordinance of the Supper,—when, all at once, the first line rushed into my mind, and filled me with praise. On the next day I followed up the idea, and enjoyed a holy pleasure in looking by faith within the vail, comforted by the hope of ere long beholding the glorious realities that now lie shrouded from our darkened vision.

Behold a shining infant band,
Singing glory,
Arrayed in white by Jesus' hand,
Glory, glory!
They stand before the eternal throne,
Glory, glory!
And taste a bliss before unknown,
Singing glory.

Tho' brief their pathway here below,
It led to glory.
Tho' strewed with bitter pain and woe,
'Tis changed for glory.
And now their spirits, safe above,
Are singing glory;
And face to face, the God of love,
They see in glory.
These "little ones,"—how came they there?
Singing glory.
Who brought them to that land so fair?
Of glory, glory.
What tender love has housed so soon,
In glory, glory,
These precious lambs from earth's dark gloom,
To sing in glory?
'Twas he whose gracious arms received—
Glory, glory—
Such "little ones;" and sweetly said—
Glory, glory—
"Forbid them not,"—their angels shine
In glory, glory,
Before their Father's face and mine,
Singing glory.
'Tis such, whose strains of harmony,
Full of glory,
Reverberate through the courts on high,
Shouting glory.
And oh! may we, tho' sad in heart,
Sing glory, glory,
And faint not till we gain the port
Where all is glory.
Where sorrow's cup no more is filled,
Glory, glory!
But rebel thought's for ever stilled,
In glory, glory.
And then, perhaps, some infant form
Of glory, glory—
A kindred name on earth had borne,
Glory, glory—
Commissioned by redeeming love,
From glory, glory,
Will bear our souls to joys above—
The land of glory!

M. I.

WRITTEN TO MY DEAR FRIENDS IN HULL, AFTER MANY PRESSING INVITATIONS TO VISIT THEM.

Do you ask me,—do you ask me,
Why I slight your kind request?
Look to by-gone days, and tell me,
Could I now become your guest?

Could I wander 'mid your pleasures,
And forget who once was there?
Would not echoing footsteps whisper,—
Where is he now—where, O where?

Would not every spot around you,
Pathway,—highway,—field,—and stream,
Speak its mute response of anguish,—
Speak how once it smiled on him?

Can remembrance of that morning,—
When the sun's first radiance broke
On a wounded stricken mourner,
And a *childless* thrill awoke,—

In sad memory's sacred chambers,
Ever, ever cease to rest?
Never,—till that cloudless dawning,
Resurrection of the blest.

No, ah, no!—mysterious union—
Type of God, the Father's love,—
Dew from heaven with bliss distilling
Stream of joys that reign above.

* * *

When I hear like rush of waters,
Sounds unknown to mortal ear,
Sighs are hushed,—my soul rejoices,
For I know my loved one's there.

M. I.

Those endeavours to express her thoughts in verse are inserted, more on account of the deep and pious feeling that pervades many of the lines, than for their being supposed to possess any large share of poetical merit.

A sense of the value of the blessings of salvation to her own soul, led her ever to feel a warm interest in the eternal welfare of her fellow-immortals. She was occasionally in the custom of affectionately addressing herself by letter, to those of whose change of heart there was doubtful evidence, or to others whose life and conversation supplied too painful a certainty of their state before God. We are not aware of any case in which such letters were received otherwise than in good part, characterized as they were, by an affectionate earnestness that could not fail to carry conviction to the reader's mind, as to the disinterestedness and friendliness of the motive that impelled the writer. That innate sense of propriety, and discrimination, which, even to a cursory observer, were perceptible in her character, guided her to that manner of writing, which was most likely to accomplish the purpose intended. A copy of one such letter, addressed to a friend of her early years, about this period, is inserted :—

"*Edinburgh, 24th April* 1841.

"My Dear ——. I heard yesterday that you are, or have been, ill. Through what channel the information came to our quarter, I have not learned; but as sickness is common to us all, and no period of life, nor any circumstances, exempt from its influence, I am inclined to fear the report may be true. To what extent it is so, I feel anxious to know, and hope to

hear soon from ——. In the meantime, I cannot resist the desire I have to convey to my dear —— some proof of the interest I feel in him, and all that is connected with his welfare. When I look back to by-gone days, I cannot but remember that this feeling was a mutual one; it requires no effort of memory to trace a thousand testimonies of affection I received from ——, nor will years as they roll on, efface the impression, or weaken the fervent wish of my heart, that gifts may be his in return of a more durable character,—gifts that will not cease to yield satisfaction when time is no more. You will forgive me if, at this moment of painful anxiety, I address you freely,—my object in writing is in fact to do so, whether what I say be pleasing or the opposite, and I trust you will at least give me credit for candour and *purity of intention*. I am aware that my standing in life in reference to yourself demands the language of humility and respect, and I trust, should I appear to swerve from either, you will impute it to the abstraction and intense feeling of my mind as I realize the solemn subject of my letter. The subject of eternity has been brought before us lately in a very striking manner, both in this country and your own; and when I heard of your indisposition, I at once glanced into that awful state of being, and could not but connect your destiny with weal or woe. And shall I tell you, *can I tell you*, how painful the thought of uncertainty was? O my dear ——, to one who knows that these things are true, who knows that there is a heaven and a hell, a just God who will punish, and a Saviour willing to redeem,—to those who believe these things to be so,—it is a solemn thing to die,—'tis heaven or hell, 'tis God and glory, or the darkness of despair for ever! As I have not heard your senti-

ments on this subject for some years, I *hope* they are changed, decidedly changed; but as I am ignorant of what they are at present, I will proceed with reference to what I remember they *were*. And I would ask if you still cling to the idea (fatal hypothesis), that *if there be* a future state, we have nothing to do with it? Now, is that reasonable? You will allow that momentous consequences will follow our dissolution, whatever be the issue; and surely it is wise to give it our consideration. Even unassisted reason leads us to conclude that we are immortal, that we cannot cease to exist; and if existence continue beyond the grave, the question naturally follows, where then will each of the human race be? The answer suggests itself with regard to the righteous,—nor indeed are we left in doubt in the case of the ungodly; but alas! where is it *he* will find a home? Can it be in heaven, where all is purity,—where a holy God is!—where sin cannot enter?—surely not; then, where?—for there are but two abodes for the departed. My beloved ——, bear with me when I say, trifle not with your immortal interests. You are a sinner, as all the human race are; you will allow that, I am sure; and where, then, do you hope to dwell through a long eternity? You have lived in sad disregard of the God who made you, who has a right to your homage, and who claims your love. In all your pursuits you have been seeking happiness, but have you found it? No! it can never be found, in the way you still persist in seeking it. You know that disappointment has fastened upon all; and the reason is plain,—we have souls, and as they are immortal, they have emotions and desires that stretch beyond the grave. You have a soul that will, ere long, be a disembodied spirit before the judgment-seat

on high. Oh think how it will appear there; and whilst I would press home this consideration upon both you and myself, I would place with joy before you the blessed hope held out to you in the Word of God; it is held out to every sinner,—the very chief,—to you, —to me. It is Christ Jesus, he died for the ungodly, and believing in him you will have peace here, and the certainty of unclouded glory when you are called to rest your body in the silent tomb. I know the simple gospel is to many difficult of belief, from its very simplicity; that God should give his Son that we might live,—'might not perish, but have eternal life,' seems incomprehensible,—and yet by this we are saved; and if we perish, it is because we would be wiser than God. Oh, hear the voice of the Son of God inviting you to turn to him,—go to Jesus,—go, because you are a sinner,—cast yourself upon him. Jehovah has laid upon him the iniquities of us all,—flee, flee to Jesus from the wrath to come;—look to him and be saved. My dear ——, could you believe the peace and comfort a child of God has, even in this life, you would envy his joy;—and this may be yours,—for ever;—may the Spirit of God lead you to seek it! I have allowed my pen to run at a greater length than I intended when I sat down to address you, but I trust you have borne with me; and if this be the last communication we are permitted to enjoy on earth, may we meet in Christ at that great and dreadful day when the archangel's trumpet will summon the living and the dead to stand at Jehovah's tribunal. May we then hear those delightful words, 'Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world:' 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.'—Yours, &c."

DIARY.

May 2*d*.—Since last writing on this record, the church in Elder Street has experienced a change in its character, obligations, and arrangements, that will bear materially and solemnly on its responsibility and prosperity as a church of the living God. After the proposal to call Mr Cameron was rejected by the church on account of his views on baptism, the subject lay over for some time. Mr Innes, however, knowing the still existing desire of his people for an assistant to him, proposed Mr Watson of Cupar, who after a very short time was approved of, called, and on Thursday the 29th July, placed in the pastoral office. May this arrangement be for the glory of God, and may we, in proportion to our privileges, be zealous for our own improvement, and the increase of the Redeemer's kingdom. By this additional means of instruction, our responsibility is greatly increased. God will require more, and the world expect to see exhibited by us a higher standard of christian principle and practice, than we have hitherto manifested. Oh may the Spirit of all grace pour out upon us his influences, revive our slumbering faculties, quicken our lukewarm affections, and make us as a city set on a hill! May we be led individually to examine ourselves, to compare spiritual things with spiritual, to apply the word of God to our own hearts,—and may a spirit of secret prayer be revived among us; abounding in the soul-reviving exercises of the closet, we shall not fail of a rich increase of divine blessing in public. Soon our corner of the vineyard would become fruitful, soon we should send out a fragrance that would reach even to distant lands. Like the living water that flowed out from the prophetic

temple, the purifying effects of the water of life, as exhibited in us, might induce many to come and bathe in the fountain which had refreshed our souls, and to see, and fear, and turn to the Lord.

About this time her attention was directed to the object of assisting some of the missionaries in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, employed by the Home Missionary Society. A suggestion was made at a public breakfast of the friends of that society, to the effect that some of those estimable men, whose income was but limited, and who had large families, might have their comforts much increased, if a few female friends would engage in the labour of collecting and preparing some articles of wearing apparel for the missionaries, their wives, and children. So soon as the hint was given, Mrs Innes, with the aid of four or five ladies belonging to different churches in Edinburgh and Glasgow, embarked in this labour of love to the disciples of her Lord, with much zeal and assiduity. The following notice from her pen was printed for circulation among christian friends, when for the third time, in as many years, an appeal was made on behalf of the missionaries :

"Christian brethren, it is painful to dwell on the fact that the honoured missionary is so ill remunerated for his self-denying labours. 'Tis a mere pittance he receives. Shall this continue ? Shall we receive the bounties of Providence, and sit down day by day under the smiles of a reconciled God, and refuse to share those blessings with the man who is spending his strength in the service of our common Father ? Shall we—professing to know the love of Jesus, to feel its power—

turn away from the appeal He makes to us in the person of him he has honoured with the glorious commission to win souls, and who thus bears the burden and heat of the day? Let us awake to our responsibility! Angels delight to administer to redeemed man —let us share the privilege; and a still more exalted enjoyment awaits us, when every act of Christian benevolence will be acknowledged at that great day in which we each shall have to render an account of our stewardship."

She often expressed great pleasure in this employment; and though a higher motive than the praise of men prompted her activity, she obtained an ample reward in the thankfulness and gratitude of the recipients of the bounty she felt it a privilege to be the instrument of bestowing.

DIARY.

August 5th.—For some days past I have felt under the impression, that I shall ere long leave this present state of things. I feel as if my race were nearly finished, and the Lord near at hand; sometimes I feel as if I shall be called suddenly. How imperative to see that I be ready. I look back, and my life appears almost a blank, but I look again and again to the sinner's plea, and throw myself again and again upon the sinner's Friend, to His cross I cling. To view death in the abstract is different, far different to believing him at the door; and the soul then needs a double portion of the Spirit's influence, to impart confiding faith and steady hope. Blessed Jesus, draw me, and do the work *in* me, as thou hast finished *for* me that righteousness which justifies the ungodly, and in which I desire to be found at thy second coming.

13*th*.— * * * Glorious is the work that Jesus effects in the hearts of his children; gracious is the influence that he exercises as he calls us from crooked paths, startles us by his providential dispensations from slumber, and in a thousand ways snatches us from the snares that threaten to ruin our immortal interests. * * * This morning I felt almost sick at heart, so much did I long for conformity *to the mind* of Jesus. Sin is an increasing burden to my soul, and as this is the case, I wonder at my often guilty feelings, and neglected duties. When I take a survey of what I ought to do for the glory of God, I run to the cross, or I should sink in despair. My own life, as well as that of almost all around me, is,—when contrasted with our obligations as disciples of Jesus,—fearfully supine, and scarcely worthy of the name we bear. Innumerable souls are perishing, even in our own neighbourhood,—nay, in our own circle of friends, and what efforts am *I* putting forth? I cry to the Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do? I plead that he would lead me to duty, and show me in what way I may honour him, and do good to my poor, sin-deluded fellow worms. There is a class in whom I have long felt much interest,—one greatly overlooked, and that exercise an amount of influence not much thought of, or weighed by the children of God,—I mean Servants; they dwell in families, perhaps amongst children, and who can calculate the moral mischief that has sprung from their example and conversation. This demands our consideration, and I have long wished to devise some effort to benefit them,—some united effort on the part of the disciples of Christ. As an individual labourer, I wish to collect as many as I can, with my own servants, who read with me, and with whom I engage

in prayer once a week, and this, with the divine blessing, may be productive of much good. I have laid the matter before my Heavenly Father, and I feel confident that if it be a way in which I ought to be engaged, he will make it plain ; all I wish for, is a single eye, a sympathizing heart, and the teaching of the Spirit, to enable me to act consistently, and speak judiciously and simply;—truly, who is sufficient for these things? yet, if we abide in the vine, whatsoever we ask of the Father he will do it, and he is glorified when his people bring forth much fruit. But let me not forget that I may be anxious about others to the neglect of my own spirit ; it is a fearful thing to look after the vineyard of others, whilst our own is a waste. Let me remember that just in proportion to the measure of grace I receive, so shall I have to give to others ; and just as I live near to God, so shall I reflect that influence by which alone I can be made a blessing.

22*d*.—The Lord's day !—precious memorial of the closing scene of the work which justifies the ungodly, —yes, the early dawn of the first christian Sabbath saw the accomplishment of that which the church had throughout past ages been expecting with longing desire, and which made way for guilty wretched man to the enjoyment of sonship with God, and the hope of an inheritance in the region of purity, of peace, of glory beyond the grave. These were purchased by the agony of Calvary,—were secured when the rending sepulchre gave up the Lord of life and glory. Let us be glad and rejoice ! Let the redeemed celebrate the love that ushered in this day, whilst in lowly strains of self-abasement, they acknowledge their unworthiness, and supplicate deeper and more lasting views of the mystery of godliness, and the results that ever follow a

believing apprehension of the truth as it is in Jesus. This morning I had much enjoyment in reading the word, and in prayer with one of our servants and a neighbour's domestic. I find the exercise good for myself, but my chief object is to interest and benefit the girls ; I fear they neither of them know the truth. My heart sinks when I think of my insufficiency, and I go tremblingly to the work, yet I believe it is one the Lord smiles upon ; I only want more life and more faith, there will then be wanting no good, no help, on His part. Oh, for a deeper interest in souls, for more of the Spirit of Jesus !

28*th*.—Dear Mr Innes is not well this morning ; when our comforts are thus touched, how vividly we feel the nearness of eternal things ; there seems a reality in our dying uncertain state, a solemn sense of our true position in this world, and prospects for the one opening before us, is pressed on our attention. Our beloved father is not seriously ill, but at his time of life we cannot but feel some anxiety ; but I trust the Lord has much for him yet to do, and that a life so useful will be lengthened in renewed strength for his Master's service. I feel, to lose him, would be like parting with my own revered parent ; a light would be withdrawn, that has cast a sweet and gentle influence upon all around him, and none would feel more than myself the want of such a guide,—but I cannot think of an event so painful, and trust a gracious God will give us many years of enjoyment even in this tearful world.

The love felt for him, whom she thus regarded with the affection of a daughter, could not, and did not fail to be reciprocal. When mournfully employed in re-

tracing in conversation various little incidents relating to her conduct in domestic life, one has been mentioned to the writer since her death, which may not be unworthy of notice, as exhibiting a readiness and candour in the acknowledgment of a fault, not always to be met with. Some conversation took place one morning at the breakfast table on a subject involving difference of sentiment, in which she soon after remembered having—as she conceived—expressed her opinion to her father-in-law with unbecoming warmth; in a little time she came into his study, expressing much regret for having forgotten the respect due to him, and with tears begged his forgiveness, if, in a hasty moment, she had unintentionally given offence,—requesting him at the same time to seek for her, and with her, at a throne of grace, the forgiveness of her Heavenly Father. It is hardly necessary to add, that the pardon of her earthly father (if needed) was granted ere it was solicited, and can we doubt that He, who on earth said, "Go in peace," failed to answer the petition breathed from the heart of his confiding and repentant child?

DIARY.

29*th*.—Our dear revered father is better, and able to take his place in the house of God, and to take part of the pulpit duties this afternoon. Oh for a heart ever bounding with adoring praise! This day, so far, has been very sweet to my soul, I feel something of heavenly joys,—my spirit seems to catch the rapture of the hosts on high as I attempt to dwell on the love of Him who is the object of their worship, and the source of all the glory by which they are surrounded, and which is to encircle them for ever. Yet I have wandered in thought; yes, to very vanity, even in the

sanctuary, and whilst engaged in showing forth the death and resurrection of our blessed Lord. Alas! how is every stream of thought and feeling tainted! —and sometimes I am often away altogether from the object of my heart's desire, and have to mourn the success of the enemy of souls, when I might have sung a song of triumph over his frustrated devices. To the blood of sprinkling I have recourse again, and that is *enough;* though I may well be the more humbled to think of the readiness of the Saviour to cleanse me, and blot out for ever my iniquities.

30*th.*—Last evening Mr Watson lectured from the first chapter of Isaiah, the last eleven verses. His description of a faithless church, and faithless professor, was solemn and deeply affecting. He dwelt at some length upon the union of Christ with his people, and referred to the marriage tie as a type of that blessed bond, remarking, that he had no doubt, when God instituted marriage in Eden, he meant to direct the mind to Christ and his spouse—the Church,—which could not fail to keep before men the endeared relationship he sustains to his redeemed ones, and the fearful consequences of either rejecting his mercy, or dividing our worship and affections with idols of our own creating, or objects that are given to help us to love him more, and serve him with singleness of heart. The church was crowded to excess. Oh, may every individual of our number feel our great accountability, and not rest satisfied that our pastors labour, and we eat the fruit of their exertions, unless we digest for the benefit of others, and,—as we receive light,—reflect it.

1841. *December* 12*th.*—The continued delicate state of my health confines me to the house, and I am tempted to repine when I see others going to the house of God,

—when one after another departs, and I am left alone; but do I say alone?—no, I am not alone, my Father is with me, and I rest my aching head in sweet peace upon his bosom. I also feel deeply being prevented attending the school lately formed in the church, but let me remember it is easier to labour than to suffer, therefore the latter path is appointed me. The Lord calls into his service whom he will, and my anxiety should be simply that the work *be done*. I can aid it by my prayers, and in that way may do more real good than by the instructions I might give, if able to attend in person.

Evening.—How condescending is my Heavenly Father! I have been mourning over the frequent obstructions I meet with to that activity I think so good for ourselves, so beneficial to others, and so glorifying to the cause of Him who spent his whole life in doing good. I feel as if my Father were angry with me when I am laid aside, though I know that the furnace tests our principles even more than the external form of obedience,—which, though it spring from love in the main, may yet be aided by much that belongs to the flesh,—whilst the fire of trial drives us *from every thing to God*. I wish to record my Father's love, who unexpectedly gave me an opportunity of directing the attention of a friend to Jesus. He sent a young man (a Roman Catholic,) to see W——, and, being alone with him, I urged upon his attention the truth, and was enabled to speak faithfully and affectionately regarding his views. I also pressed upon him the duty of reading the Word of God, and studying for himself the subject of salvation. He received my remarks in good part, and may be led to think of them again. I pray that the Spirit may work in his heart,

I plead that his visit here may not be in vain, but that divine light may guide him to the sole foundation which a poor sinner shall be able to rest upon, when time is no more.

The sojourn under our roof of an American friend, Mr Elliot Cresson, from Philadelphia, added much to the enjoyment of the family circle during the spring months of this year. Mrs Innes' benevolent and ardent mind soon acquired a deep interest in the object of African colonization, to which Mr C.'s life and fortune had been devoted,—it may almost be said *sacrificed*,—his chief motive in travelling being the restoration of his health, and the fact, that in pecuniary matters he had suffered considerably from devotion to the interest of the colony of Liberia, being well known to his friends in America. A frequent interchange of letters, with the occasional transmission of printed information regarding the success of his favourite scheme, followed the departure of this valued friend; and within these few months,—ere the letter that bore the intelligence of Mrs Innes' death had arrived,—newspapers had been despatched, in which notice is taken of a trifling effort she had made (by collecting a few pounds) in aid of the Liberian school fund, and containing cheering information of the progress of the gospel on the African coast; but, alas! the eye for whose perusal it was designed was closed in death, and the heart that was ever gladdened by tidings of the prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom, had ceased to beat.*

* The visit of this estimable friend was the means of an introduction to a gentleman of good property and much benevolent feeling, who—knowing the pleasure she experienced in aiding the needy, and her judgment in selecting proper objects of

DIARY.

1842. *May 29th.*—I would give utterance to the overflowing of grateful feeling in recording the Lord's dealing with me on a recent bed of sickness. At one time I believed it to be a call to depart, and then the awful solemnities of the Faith I profess burst upon my mind, and I seemed as if I had scarcely begun to live for Christ; I felt myself *in truth* the chief of sinners; awful it seemed to die, but, oh, how awful to live!

Lines to Sister Elizabeth.

As twilight descends, and the calm shades of evening
Surround me, I muse on the blest;
The silence that reigns o'er my spirit is stealing;
I enter with them into rest.

In a moment I mingle with some whose soft beam
Of light once illum'd my lone way,
Their glory I breathe as I gaze on the scene,
And join in the heavenly lay.

And then, as the notes of their harps swelling high
In cadence sweep softly along;
I think of the loved ones below who yet sigh,
Prepared to chant the same song.

The lowly, unheeded, forgotten, forlorn,
The meek ones, so prized by their God,
Who journey, believing, as onward they're borne,
Though rugged and sombre the road.

charity—often used to add a few pounds to her poor's purse. The intelligence, shrewdness, and knowledge of the world, that gave a character to the conversation of her new friend, were highly instructive and agreeable, so that she always hailed with pleasure, in a twofold sense, his after breakfast calls. To alleviate want and sorrow was ever to her a source of the richest enjoyment; and as frequent and painful cases of destitution came to her knowledge, such visits were sometimes longed for with no small degree of earnestness.

One low in the valley, in humble seclusion,
A sister beloved I espy,
She traces the footsteps, the death, the ascension,
Of Jesus her Saviour on high.

A ray from above lights her sweet tender spirit,
O touch it not, earth, with thy blight;
Let faith pierce the vail, and thus stretch without limit,
Till lost in celestial sight.

And oh! as I linger with tearful emotion,
Beside you, Elizabeth, dear;
May my soul catch the halo of holy devotion,
And taste your calm sanctified fear.

May the hope that supports the redeemed on the way,
Be our's until time be no more,
Then, then, our heart's tribute together we'll lay
At the feet of the God we adore.

M. I.

In the summer of this year a favourable opportunity occurred of cultivating the acquaintance of Mr Sheppard of Frome, who had long been regarded by those of the family who enjoyed his acquaintance, as one of their most valued christian friends. As may be supposed, she was prepared to receive with a cordial welcome, one, with the productions of whose pen,—as an author, and as a correspondent of her father-in-law,—she had become pleasingly familiar.

When to eminent piety is supperadded the possession of a highly cultivated and refined mind, christian intercourse with such individuals, may well be regarded as the nearest approximation to the perfect love, and blessed communion, that reign in Heaven. Such was pre-eminently the character of him, she now felt privileged to regard as a friend. The enjoyment of one happy

evening in particular, will doubtless live in the remembrance of the survivors of the small party present on that occasion. A dear sister from Hull, and a young friend from the west of Scotland, were then on a visit; and in the course of the evening an incident occurred, which, though in itself trivial, we venture to notice, from the instructive and beautifully poetical thoughts to which it gave rise. While surrounding the family board, Mr Sheppard's acute ear was attracted by the heaving of *a sigh*, unobserved probably by others; this memorable respiration,—perhaps permitted to escape unconsciously, or possibly caused by a passing thought of sorrow,—was presently traced to our young visitor. A little playful and pleasant raillery followed, and the next day those lines from Mr Sheppard's pen, accompanied by one of his volumes, were conveyed to our young friend.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY, SIGHING.

O Margaret! waste not those sighs
To float on the desolate air;
Devoutly to him let them rise,
Whose sympathy bends to our prayer.

Yes—lay up your treasure of sighs
In his bosom who ne'er can deceive;
Your faintest he shall not despise,
Your deepest he stoop'd to relieve.

Is earth but a vast "bridge of sighs"
That overhangs death's chilly wave?
Yet, "fear not," press on to the prize,
In his grasp, who was "mighty to save."

Then we meet in that world without sighs,
Where the breathings of glory begin;
The chant of immortal surprise—
The requiem of sorrow and sin.

O Margaret, mingle no sighs
With earth's moaning gusts of despair ;
For the smile that irradiates the skies
Shall turn them to melodies there.

It is not improbable that a proposition made by Mrs Innes to a beloved sister, some time before this, was suggested by the perusal of a chapter in Mr Sheppard's admirable volume, "Thoughts on Private Devotion." —To meet at an hour previously agreed upon in communion of soul at a throne of grace, with the design of interceding for particular and special spiritual blessings, was the object of the proposal referred to. We take the liberty of quoting part of the chapter in a foot note.*

* It has been the pleasing compact of some, closely joined in heart, but widely distant in place, to look at the same hour on the same luminary, to watch the beam of the same rising moon, or evening star, and thus to imagine a kind of sensible union, by being alike and at once present to the same beautiful object. How does it heighten and substantiate this device of friendship, (which else is comparatively a fruitless and empty refinement), to commune not merely with a bright emblem of the divine bounty, but with the omnipresent benefactor himself; to pour out mutual intercession before the "Father of" these heavenly "lights," "with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning." My dearest friend may be in another hemisphere; or, though but a few leagues divide us, a cloud may conceal that star from one which rises in brightness to the other ; but if we devoutly intercede for each other's welfare, before Him by whose presence all time and space are comprised, our supplications, whether offered at one or at different hours, form a real and intimate communion with each other and with Him ; a communion fraught, we trust, not only with soothing sentiments, but with real blessings.—*On Intercession for Relatives and Friends.*

FROM A LETTER TO HER AUNT IN HULL.

"1842. *August.*—* * * I feel dear Ann's departure very much; many hours of the day are lonely now. * * * But all is well!—and I am perhaps receiving a warning to prepare for *my home;* yes, and your home, where we shall look back to this weary wilderness with triumphant praise. Were you all here I should be too happy, and that would not do for me, who am so prone to rest in my enjoyments. A few more struggles against sin,—a few more exercises of faith and patience; and we have done with time and its vanities, to ascend, we trust, to the unstained, unclouded associations that fill the abode where Jesus reigns."

A short time was as usual spent at the sea-side in the autumn of this year. In a note to her husband she writes:—

"* * * When able to be up in the early hours of morning, there is such a stillness, such a calm silence reigning over elements at other times agitated by sense and sin, that I feel my spirit subdued to something of the peace that breathes around me. In these hours of nature's repose, too, we feel most forcibly that we are alone with God; this, though a privilege, is a solemn one. O may we be enabled to rejoice that there is nothing to alarm the soul in the presence even of a God of perfect purity, that we can look up,—though such poor wretched creatures,—and call that holy Being 'Father.'"

DIARY.

1843. *May 5th.*—Was able this morning to rise early, and had a sweet season at a throne of grace. The psalm that came in course was the 27th, and I was much overcome at the mercy that enabled me to breathe the spirit of that man of God, and say, "*Thy* face, Lord, will I seek."—"One thing have I desired of the Lord and that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple."—"The Lord is *my* light and *my* salvation." I could only say, Lord, why have I been made thus to differ?—my unworthiness never seemed greater; I could only lie at the footstool sprinkled with peace-speaking blood, pleading the efficacy of that blood, and wrestle for more sanctification,—for more light,—more love,—more faith, *realizing* faith in the sacrifice of the cross and the *work already done*,—more of the mind and will of Jesus. My heart is much oppressed with the unconverted state of the servants; and the fact that they are soon to leave us, brings my sins of carelessness, and want of faithfulness,—my awful responsibility as their mistress, with aggravated power to my conscience. To remember that one of them has been four years with me, and the other, three,—suggests a solemn examination of my own deportment, and efforts for their soul's good. Alas! I cry now for mercy; I wrestle now that mercy's voice may reach their hearts; and perhaps He whose ways are not our ways, may hear; and though I may not be permitted to see the work, a future day may reveal them amongst the throng in glory.

8th.—To-day I am feeble in body and mind; but

blessed be God I have a strength that is sufficient, —a strength on which I lean,—a righteousness that brightens the gloomy bondage of a soul panting for immortality. The world becomes every day more and more a desert passage to another land; sin blights our best joys, stains our best desires and efforts, pollutes every principle, and mars even the work of God in our hearts. Well may I groan, and long to be delivered. Yesterday (the Lord's day) was one of sweet refreshment and joy. Mr Thomson from Aberdeen preached to us from 13th of Matthew, on the treasure hid in the field, and the pearl of great price; the former he thought to refer to the gospel,—salvation by grace; the other, to the fruits of faith,—the life of a believer.

26th.—* * * May the Lord write his will in my heart, and suppress every thought that offends his pure eye. I desire not to rebel,—I would wait and see the salvation of God. I wish to lie at his feet,—to bless him for his many mercies,—to rejoice in his love, and to commit every care and every difficulty into his hands;—never, never did I feel so dependent upon him. * * *

CHAPTER X.

'Tis sweet to think that when she came to stand
Upon the icy bank of death's dark flood,
High o'er its waters, that mysterious bridge,
Completed by Immanuel's life and death,
Arose in view; and thus she safely passed
From the destroyer, and the storms of life,
Into the cloudless hemisphere of heaven.

Anon.

THE conclusion of the preceding chapter forms the last entry in her journal, and He on whom she depended, proved, to the end, faithful to his word of promise. After returning from a short residence at the sea-side, from which less benefit seemed to follow than she had been accustomed to receive, she yielded to the pressing invitation of her friends in Hull, to spend a few weeks in their society. This visit, from the sad recollections already referred to, she had long dreaded; but anxiety once more to meet her beloved relatives, and the hope that benefit to her health might result from the change, overcame her disinclination. While absent she was seized with an attack of inflammation, which prevented her return till November, nearly a month later than was originally intended.

The following extracts are from letters addressed to her husband during her absence from home :—

"*Portobello, 25th August* 1843.—* * * There

is a reflex power in christian effort, and they that water, feel the refreshing influence of the stream themselves; this is reward enough, though a greater one awaits you, when Divine approbation will recognise it, as faithfulness to the trust he has assigned to you. Go on, * * * abound in the work of the Lord, 'tis what we exist for,—'tis what our blessed Saviour died for,—'tis what the hosts on high rejoice in,—'tis what a long eternity will resound with from harps of gold!"

"*Hull, 25th September* 1843.—What a world of instruction is conveyed in the solemn removal of Betsey B——,* and what a shock the event must have been to you all; but as far as she is concerned we must rejoice; and I do rejoice with deep abasement and

* There are some circumstances connected with the death of this young person of a very striking nature, which it may be useful to record. When she left the service of the family at the Whitsunday term, it seemed doubtful if a saving change had taken place on her mind. The instructions, however, she had from time to time received, often recurred to her thoughts; and on conversing with Mr Innes preparatory to her being united to the Church, she expressed a pleasing remembrance of the benefit derived from the kind admonitions and prayers of her late mistress. On an evening set apart for an interview with two members of the Church,—according to the usual practice for the purpose of ascertaining the views held by an applicant for admission,—this young woman went to the house of one of the parties; she had not been seated above half an hour when she complained of being ill, and sunk apparently in a swoon; medical aid was immediately called, but without avail; in three hours she was carried off by an attack of apoplexy. There is reason to hope that instructions of a similar kind were blessed to another domestic, who at first entered the family in the capacity of nurse. Referring to her in a letter to her sister in Hull, Mrs Innes writes:—"She says my conversations with her led her to reflect, and struck conviction into her mind; the Lord only knows the heart; and if her coming here has been the means of her salvation, it should mitigate the bitterness of the cup we have drank in connexion with it."

gratitude, when I remember her indifference when she first became a domestic in our family, and the change she afterwards underwent; to God be all the glory! O may it stimulate me, and all of us, to seek a larger measure of faith, and greater conformity to him we serve; so shall we exercise an influence that will be a blessing to others, and speak for God. I did not write on Saturday, which I meant to do, for I hoped to be able to give you some account of the preaching in Hull, and deferred my letter till this morning. I heard Mr ——. * * * I am now too much of a Scotchwoman to be satisfied with the ordinary preaching in our southern pulpits. * * * I was truly glad to hear that dear —— had been brought through her trying circumstances, and was doing well. May the young immortal be spared for the glory of Him who gave her being. Tell Annie I hope she thinks and speaks about Jesus." * * *

"*Hull, 7th November* 1843.—A few lines only are required to tell you that, if all be well, I shall reach dear Frederick Street on Thursday. The vessel sails, I believe, to-morrow afternoon; and if the passage be of the usual length, we shall be in Leith early in the afternoon. * * * Oh, may each event of our existence be sanctified! Scene succeeds scene, and moments, as they fly, bear away an impression that will speak with solemn voice another day; may we keep that in view, and count all but loss that we may win Christ, and be found in him."

This was the last note received, with the exception of a few lines sent to explain her unexpected detention in England. The closing words could scarcely have been more appropriate had it been announced by a voice from heaven, that ere a few weeks should pass,

the curtain should drop on the last earthly "scene," and that time, to her, should be no more.

As contemplated, Mrs Innes left Hull by the "Martello" steam-ship, and it may well be supposed that no little alarm was excited, when it was found, on the vessel's arrival at Leith, that she was not on board. Our anxiety was scarcely alleviated, on ascertaining from the steward, that the steamer having, in consequence of a gale, taken shelter for a time in Burlington Bay, my dear wife had gone on shore, having previously suffered severely from excessive sickness, accompanied by the expectoration of blood; the captain, with a consideration hardly to be expected, having neared the land to admit of her reaching it safely. A note from herself, dated "Hull," confirmed those particulars, and stated her intention of immediately returning by coach. On the Saturday following her return home, she had a second inflammatory attack, from the effects of which she never appeared to rally, the disease, though speedily subdued, being followed by great prostration of strength, total loss of appetite, and other distressing symptoms. During the progress of her illness she was not called to suffer much pain, but often used to complain that though her mind was at peace, bodily weakness prevented her reflecting on divine things in a calm and connected manner. Though, with friends around her, she would often converse on death and eternity, the subject of her own removal was one from which there appeared to be a mutual shrinking; the apprehension of giving pain, being doubtless, on her part, the cause of silence. Although her state necessarily produced much anxiety, it was not anticipated by any one, till within a very short period of the closing scene, that the last messenger was so near. It has frequently been a

source of regret to the writer that he did not at the moment record some of her remarks made in the hour of trial, many of which almost immediately escaped his recollection. The letter which follows is the substance of one addressed on the day after her death—to her sister.

"EDINBURGH, *14th January* 1844.

"MY DEAR ELIZABETH.—I cannot spend my first solitary Sabbath better than in giving you a few recollections of one who is now spending an eternal Sabbath before the throne on high. Our dearest Martha did not seem to apprehend much danger till about a week before her death, when one day she remarked to the nurse, that she doubted if her medical attendant was aware how weak she was. Mrs S—— rejoined, 'I think he is, for he said to me last Sabbath, he thought you in a very precarious state.' She repeated this to me a day or two after. I tried to soothe her by saying that the Doctor had since spoken rather more favourably, and at this time she did not pursue the subject. Dr Beilby's wish expressed on Thursday that Dr Abercromby should visit her the following day, seemed to make her anxious, but it was not till Friday that she plainly saw that the separation from all she held dear on earth was so near. When I came in at five o'clock in the evening, it was evident that she was fast sinking,—the pulse sometimes almost imperceptible, and articulation becoming difficult; she however spoke distinctly of her state and prospects; rejoicing in the Cross as her only hope, and listening with evident pleasure to the portions of scripture and hymns repeated to her. About seven o'clock her respiration was much impeded, and her breathing laborious and loud. We sent hastily for the Doctor,

who came immediately, and stated, that the circulation in the lungs becoming weaker, was the cause of her distress, and that anodynes (which I suggested) could be of no use. This paroxysm soon ceased, and she was able to listen with much delight to the words of comfort and improvement suggested by her much loved medical attendant, also to a beautiful prayer offered up for patience, and for 'an easy dismissal,' which she begged of him to pray for. During all the evening her mind seemed to repose stedfastly on the 'Rock of Ages,' with the exception of a few minutes, when she said to Dr B., she felt alarmed at the possibility of having been a self-deceiver; he replied, there was evidence to the contrary, and added, 'even were it so, I should say to you as to every sinful creature—COME NOW.' This appeared to quiet her fears.

"After about an hour's interval she suffered considerably from another attack of oppressed breathing, during which the windows and doors of the adjoining rooms were thrown open. When recovered sufficiently to speak, she remarked to me, 'It was not that the room wanted air, but I feel this is *just death*.' She continued to the end to regard the approach of the last enemy with composure, saying to a christian friend who came in unexpectedly, and was affected to tears in seeing her situation,—'Mrs F——, we shall meet in heaven.'—'I have not triumph, but I have peace,'—'Oh, how precious Christ is to me!' I said, He was always precious to you. 'Yes,' she added emphatically, 'but I feel him very much so NOW!' and after a pause,—'I wish those were around me who do not believe in him, I would tell them how precious he is!' Addressing herself to Mrs F——, she again referred to the doubt she had previously expressed, but

appeared to feel reassured, on part of a well known hymn being repeated to her :—

'Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

'E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

'Then, in a nobler sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave."

"At times she seemed to exult in the thought of glory being so near, saying repeatedly to me, 'so sudden' —'so unexpected'—'to be so soon in glory.'—'I can hardly realize it—I cannot conceive it.' I said to her, 'Martha, when you reach the throne of glory, O pray for your unworthy husband.' She paused, as if thinking whether prayer would *there* be appropriate, and said, 'Well, dear ——, if there be such a thing . . . . .' the sentence was left unfinished, and I cannot but hope that those, who so much need the prayers of others, may receive a blessing from on high, petitioned for by one they so loved on earth. I do not for a moment conceive, that prayers offered *to departed saints* is either scriptural or rational, but it appears to me by no means improbable, that while those below are in a state of probation, departed friends, who on earth knew their wants, may be permitted to ask for them, what God loves to bestow,—spiritual and divine blessings. I do not believe that a repining word escaped

our beloved Martha during the course of her illness; on the contrary, expressions of gratitude for any little attention were ever ready. A few hours before death, her sight failed, the room seemed dark, and she asked the nurse for a light, though the gas was burning brightly. The Doctor, who stood by, quoted Pope's beautiful lines, 'The world recedes, it disappears,' and dwelt on the enlivening anticipation of the glorious sight that awaited her astonished vision,—and which, I doubt not, she now enjoys. Oh, how selfish is our grief for *her!*—yet I cannot help feeling as if I had never appreciated her, while the treasure was possessed. 'How blessings brighten as they take their flight!' Her letters, numerous and affectionate, testify that *she* did not think me an unkind husband; but how differently would I act *now*, could the cold clay I look upon with such anguish of spirit be once more reanimated!

"For about two hours before death, my dearest could not articulate, but seemed quite to understand a prayer my father offered up, for support to her in the dark valley, and for strength to others. About half-past one yesterday morning she ceased to breathe, and passed into eternity without a struggle, or apparently a pang. Oh, may we be followers of those who through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises. That the 'God of all grace, may comfort you all in this time of sorrow is, dear Elizabeth, the prayer of

"Yours, &c.'"

When the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me.
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me.

When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing;
Weep not for me.

When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me.
Christ is mine—He cannot fail me,
Weep not for me.
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour,
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength—for ever!
Weep not for me.

Dale.

Thus lived and thus died this child of God. The desolation of home and heart that accompanies the loss of such a companion, can only be fully known to him who is at once the wise disposer of events, and the God of all consolation. The journey of life must henceforth be pursued alone, uncheered by the smile and the sympathy that were ever ready in the hour of joy and of sorrow. But what shall we say,—if he who withers our gourds intends thus to lead us to the refreshing shade, to the green pastures and the still waters, and, —instead of permitting us to rest in present enjoyments as our portion,—removes our earthly joys, that he may point us to a more enduring happiness. "Precious indeed is affliction when it cherishes that self-denying, subdued, and heavenly temper of mind, which is the very life of genuine religion, which insures both safety and blessedness in this valley of tears; which purifies and strengthens the heart, and which assimilates to the character of the Saviour, and to the spirit of the celestial temple."—*Dr Russell.*

On Wednesday, 17th January, her mortal remains were committed to the dust, attended by a numerous

assemblage, some of whom were attached friends; many members of the church, uninvited by letter, showing their respect for her memory by their presence on the occasion. From having been brought a good deal into contact with those belonging to the communion with which she was connected,—in consequence of the official situation occupied by her father-in-law,—she had gained a large portion of the esteem of many of its members; that gentleness, self-possession, and repose of manner,—which are generally the concomitants of a well-regulated and cultivated mind, and which so agreeably characterized her intercourse with those in her own rank,—peculiarly fitting her for the performance of those offices of kindness to the humblest of the disciples, the discharge of which so much adorns the character of the devoted christian female.

CHAPTER XI.

We mourn for those who weep,
Whom stern afflictions bend,
Despairing o'er the lowly sleep
Of lover or of friend ;
But they who Jordan's swelling tide
No more are call'd to stem,
Whose tears the hand of God hath dried,
Why should we mourn for them ?

Mrs Sigourney.

LITTLE has hitherto been said regarding the *character* of the subject of these pages ; though the discerning reader has doubtless been able to form a tolerably accurate judgment for himself of its leading features. It seems desirable, however, that an attempt should be made to group these individual features in such a way, as shall present a faithful mental, and moral representation of the original ; and the writer feels that,—even if otherwise qualified for such a duty,—the employment would not have been befitting one standing in the relation which he did to the departed ; and that his impartiality might readily—perhaps justly—have been liable to suspicion. In these circumstances he has much satisfaction in inserting the following communication :*

" MY DEAR FRIEND,—In your desolate widowhood one of your most interesting, if not of your happiest employments, has been I doubt not to retrace the linea-

* Noticed in the Introduction.

ments of that fine and lovely character whose excellencies had contributed so largely to sweeten the enjoyments and to soothe the sorrows of your too short conjugal life. Memory, assisted by your dear wife's own record of the silent and sacred feelings of her inmost soul, alternately transports and agonizes you, while you ruminate on what she was and what she did, and recall the cherished dreams of long years of domestic bliss which a justifiable hope presented to your imagination. Yet alas! how transient the reality!

"Your lamented wife seemed to me to be peculiarly fitted to make a happy home. Of a lively disposition, ardent feelings, and with a well-furnished mind, she was an animated and agreeable companion, while a large share of good sense and high religious principle qualified her for the more important duties of life. Her precarious and often very infirm state of health gave me opportunities of frequent and more intimate intercourse with her, than I could otherwise have been privileged to enjoy, and disclosed to me those rare excellencies of character which her modest and unobtrusive disposition concealed from the observation of common acquaintanceship. Her piety was not a fitful flame, but deep, fervent, and unostentatious; at the same time active, self-denying, and beneficial to others. Her views of divine truth were enlarged and precise, not hastily formed, but the result, under divine teaching, of honest, earnest, and patient investigation. And every portion of divine truth thus learned she considered important; and from her habitual regard for truth, and her high estimate of its claims, she had no sympathy with those persons who, while knowing the truth, and professedly recognizing its authority, have made any compromise of its demands for the sake of human applause or worldl

interests. To discern the path of duty, and to commence its pursuit, were with her inseparable. Of this her history afforded as I believe some remarkable illustrations. Her regard for the people of God was warm and comprehensive, yet discriminating. Wherever she discerned the image of Jesus her affections flowed out without restraint, notwithstanding any honest differences of opinion. Her own feelings were rarely dwelt upon in conversation, but their nature and force were exhibited in the zeal with which she entered into any plans for the advancement of the cause of God, or the welfare of her fellow-creatures, and especially of those that were of the household of faith. Her benevolence was expansive, active, and unwearied. It was with her a principle, and not merely a natural feeling. Not only was her purse open, but her time, her active exertions, and her earnest thoughts were perseveringly devoted to the mitigation of suffering, and the increasing of the comforts of others. The poor of the flock of Christ, and, above all, those of them who were labouring in his vineyard, were the especial objects of her interest; and for them she exerted herself to the utmost of her 'power, yea and beyond her power she was willing,' as I can testify.

"Her habit of jealous self-examination, taken in connexion with her exalted views of the Divine character, and of the wondrous truths which the gospel reveals, produced in her a feeling of deep self-abasement, and occasioned no little dissatisfaction with herself that she did not approach more nearly to the standard she proposed to herself. This feeling you will remember discovered itself when she approached her last hour. Fearful lest she should deceive herself, her mind was evidently engaged in scrutinizing her real character and

condition as in the sight of Him into whose presence she was about to enter; the result of which was, as you know, that she expressed her satisfaction that her *confidence* had been placed, and worthily placed, on an Almighty Saviour, who would safely keep that which she had committed to Him. But happily, when the solemn hour of separation arrived, you had not to extract *your* consolation as to her state from her dying testimony. A far more solid ground of satisfaction was possessed by you and her mourning friends. Her life and character, so long as these had been under your and their observation, had afforded no doubtful evidence as to her being one of the redeemed of the Lord, and a firm ground of hope that now in the immediate presence and under the eternal smile of Him whom having not seen she loved, she is in possession of the fulness of joy. May her Lord and your's cheer the remaining portion of your pilgrimage through this vale of tears with the joy of His chosen, and a hope full of glory. Believe me, my dear friend, yours ever, very sincerely,

"W. BEILBY."

"Northumberland Street, Tuesday."

This volume might have been increased in size, and probably in interest, had an application for letters to various friends with whom Mrs Innes was in habits of correspondence been deemed necessary or desirable. Some practical reflections might with propriety be introduced in conclusion, but the useful trains of thought, exhibited in the letters which follow, are so well calculated to suggest the benefit to be derived from contemplating the death-bed of the Christian, that anything the biographer could add would be impertinent.

" LIVERPOOL, 17*th June* 1844.

" MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot allow another day to pass without assuring you of my very sincere sympathy with you in your most affecting bereavement. I believe it is not possible for one completely to imagine himself in your circumstances, yet I think I can enter into some of your emotions on the loss of so truly excellent a companion. I have always retained a very lively impression of her intelligent, amiable, and christian character—all of which, except in remembrance, is now lost to you for a time. But it will not, I am persuaded, fail to be suggested to you that the very excellencies which most quicken your grief, form, at the same time, the best materials for your consolation. They are all so many evidences to you that the Lord had made her his own,—so many proofs that she is now in a mansion of her Father's house.

" I do trust and pray, my dear friend, that you may have occasion to bless God for this trial. It is an infinite mercy when he shows that he is not weary of our inaptness to profit by his corrections,—that he has not said of us, ' Why should they be stricken any more ?' We might well be alarmed if we were left to pursue our way long without trial, we should not only be in danger of going far astray, but should be without one evidence of our sonship, for he correcteth *every* son whom he receiveth !

" That you may enjoy closer and sweeter intercourse with your God than ever,—calling him as Israel did in the valley of trouble, ' no longer my master' but ' my *husband*,' in token of your close and tender relationship, is my fervent prayer on your behalf.

"With kind regards to your father, who will also deeply feel this affliction,

"Believe me,

"My dear friend,

"Yours ever most truly,

"C. M. BIRRELL."

"ROSSVALE, DUMFRIES, 15*th January* 1844.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me to offer you my deep and unfeigned sympathy under the severe trial with which it has pleased our heavenly Father to visit you. The intimation of it took me quite by surprise, as I had not heard of Mrs Innes being ill; but from what I knew of her, I feel confident that the event which we deplore would not take *her* by surprise. She knew in whom she had believed, and she has now, I have no doubt, entered on that fulness of joy which God hath laid up for them that love Him. Your loss is her gain. This indeed does not render your loss the less painful, but it is well fitted to cheer you under it, and to lead you into the blessed experience of what the apostle felt when he said, 'As sorrowing yet always rejoicing;—cast down but not in despair.' May He who has inflicted so keen a wound graciously support and comfort you.

"Death is busy, but he is only executing the will of God. We, too, shall soon lay aside our 'earthly tabernacle.' Let us live in the daily prospect of it, longing after that pure and peaceful state which awaits those who are 'called, and chosen, and faithful.' If we serve God while we live, He will not leave us at death. The 'dark valley' will be lighted up by His gracious presence, and we shall be conducted through it in peace and safety.

" Please remember me kindly to your father; and with christian sympathy,

" Believe me ever,

" Yours most cordially,

" JAMES CAMERON."

" HARTFORD, 23*d April* 1844.

" MY DEAR MR INNES,—Your truly affecting letter of 25th January has but recently reached me, and I thank you for the kindness, which in the time of your great affliction, prompted you thus to remember, and write to me. Is it possible that the lovely being, so entwined with your affections, and who forgetful of herself, so studied the happiness of all around, is no longer a habitant of this earth? Prepared, indeed, she was, in heart and life, for that purer world, and better society, to which she has thus been early summoned. Yet I cannot realize that her race below has terminated, though she was fitted through a Redeemer's righteousness to reach the goal, and enter into the rest of Eternity. How forcibly have you described the closing scenes of her pilgrimage,—her trust in Him to whom she had committed her soul,—the hope, full of glory, that sustained her, and the sweetness of her parting words to the dear ones that surrounded her. Almost, I could hear the tones of your venerable father, and of the excellent Dr B——, as in prayer they commended her spirit to its waiting Redeemer. What tender recollections cluster around her image, as I recall her christian kindness,—her sisterly sympathy, when sick and a stranger, I was received under your roof. Sincerely do I share in your grief, my dear friend, and in that praise which we are bound to offer

to Him, who enabled her by His grace to glorify His name both in life and in death. How bitter must it be to mourn for the worldly-minded, the doer of evil works, the unreconciled to God. Of this 'sorrow without hope,' you have no part. You deplore the loss of a sweet being gone to be numbered with the angels, who waits to welcome your arrival, at the heavenly gates. And by the love which you bore each other, let me incite you to bear up with a strong and submissive heart, until you meet her, where there is no parting. May the God of all consolation be with you, and bless you. I cannot tell you how much I sympathize with you, and with your excellent father. Remember me to him, with great respect and christian affection. I hope his health and your own is good, at this fine vernal season,—when leaf and blossom bursting forth from the bare brown bark of the long naked trees, speak of the goodness of the Creator, and of our own typified resurrection. * * * Believe me, with the deepest sympathy, and most sincere regard, ever your friend,

"L. H. SIGOURNEY."

"MANCHESTER, 15*th January* 1844.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—What can I say! how can I express my heart-pang when I gazed on the astounding contents—the volume—long contents of grief, trial, and heart and home desolation to yourself and your venerable father,—contained in two lines! Had it not been kindly addressed to me in your own hand-writing, I should have felt still more anxious as to *where* and *how* was the deeply bereaved husband of my truly christian friend,—so suddenly removed to endless glory and felicity!—O how faithless—how *selfish*, is the

human heart!—even while we repeat these words, and *think* we believe them, still—we writhe and rebel beneath the decree that takes our loved ones from earth, and all its sins and sorrows, to the sinless glories of Heaven,—the immortal crown bought by Jesus' blood for them who love Him on earth, because *we* are (we know not for how short a time) deprived of their sweet solacing society on earth! O my friend, deeply, deeply, do I sympathise with you!—but there are now TWO angels waiting at the gate of Heaven to welcome and embrace the Parent and the Husband—when *his* hour of emancipation from the toils and trials of probation on earth shall be, in infinite mercy, closed and perfected! and then *he* shall be made to feel 'how light' in Eternity shall seem the trials that weighed down the flesh, even to the ashes and the sackcloth of the soul, in comparison of that 'weight of glory' that shall then be revealed! 'That *weight* of glory' seems to me such a *deep* expression of the apostle; *we* speak of the '*weight*'—the 'almost *unbearable*'—the '*mysterious weight*'—of our sorrows and trials *here*; and it almost appears as if the apostle had meant to travestie our language by using the same as to the endless glories of Eternity, which we use in regard to our passing trials,—'the shadow on the wall'—'the shuttle in the loom.' I do not attempt to bid you 'not sorrow,' no, my friend! sorrow *deeply*—sorrow *long* and *faithfully*—few are so really worthy to be mourned, but 'sorrow not as those who have no hope,'—'sorrow not' as the children of *this* world; while you sorrow, calmly prepare in Jesus to follow her, 'rejoicing in the good hope set before you.'

"Alas! it was but on Saturday—fatal day!—that I had begun a letter to her. * * * When you *can*

rouse yourself from the first stupefaction of grief, my dear friend, I entreat you to write to me. Pour out your whole heart, and it will relieve you, and relieve me, to see that you are able to do so,—even as in days of old.

"Your affectionate friend,

"M. H. M."

In a note to another member of the family, the dear friend who thus sought to pour the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit, expressed her intention of being in Edinburgh in the course of the ensuing summer. Little was either party aware, when bidding adieu about two years before, that the next interview would take place in a time of such sorrow; and still less was it imagined, when this visit of sympathy was proposed, that in two short months our friend should come in weeds of widowhood—a similarly stricken mourner; circumstances rendering her presence in Scotland a matter of necessity, immediately after the death of her husband. Being employed one evening in perusing together some verses copied by the hand of our dear departed one, the author was agreeably surprised next morning to have the following lines put into his hand at the breakfast table; hardly expecting so ready a compliance with a request made for an addition to his little collection of choice pieces.

The heart's strong agony is o'er!
It quivers still, but bleeds no more.
And I can calmly bear to hear
The name so lov'd, so sadly dear!

And I can bear—oh, more than bear—
I *love* to bend with pious care
O'er those sweet relics of a mind
Whose ev'ry feeling was refined.

Shrouded in darkness and in gloom—
  Wrapt in the cerements of the tomb—
My all of earthly bliss now lies,
  All—that was Daylight to mine eyes!

Yes!—thoughts on thoughts—a countless throng—
  Rush—chasing countless thoughts along,
Hurrying, in their phantom train,
  The Hope that ne'er can bloom again!

My God!—my God! to thee I bow,
  I kiss the Hand that dealt the blow—
But grant that we may meet above
  Where all is Peace—and all is Love!

Where all is Love!—it must be so,
  For love on earth is Heav'n below—
And God, to force our souls to rise,
  Removes its object to the skies.

M. H. M.

Amidst all the afflictions of life, none is perhaps a cause of more acute suffering to those possessed constitutionally of strong sensibility and lively imagination, than the absence or deprivation of social blessings. We are already indebted to a volume of Mr Sheppard's for a short extract, and the following passage forms so appropriate a sequel to the preceding narrative, that we are induced to incur the additional obligation of a longer quotation from another work by the same author. To the burdened heart, that "knoweth its own bitterness," a mere description of its griefs is consoling, —the suffering reader being as it were a partaker in that benevolent sympathy with human sorrow, which prompted the author thus to analyse and portray such emotions. In the present instance, however, the author's main object has been a far more important one,—that of pouring into the fainting soul the rich

balm of Heavenly consolation. That every mourning reader may receive the comfort and profit that has been conveyed to his own mind, is the earnest prayer of the writer of those pages.

"There is a sort or degree of solitariness which some minds habitually endure, amidst associations necessarily constant. There are those who find in the small social sphere to which sex, or youth, or age, or want of wealth restricts them, no mind of like capacities or tastes, or none possessing those highest, deepest sympathies with their own, which embrace 'the things eternal;' and without which other affinities of taste and habit are but shallow and inconstant.

"Such privations,—where, by the supposition, deep affection, earnest sentiments, and intellectual activities are peculiarly excitable but wholy ungratified,—must needs deepen every natural yearning for the most intimate attachments.

"But let this case be even reversed. Let the social circle be extensive and acceptable, and nearer unions of kindred and friendship enjoyed. Still may the heart in secret sigh for more. A tender or a fervent spirit will often long for that closest union where soul is most intimately 'knit with soul,' and where confiding tenderness can mutually unbosom joys and griefs, interests and trials, from the greatest even to the least. Many are the circumstances which may give to this desire a character at once of intenseness and of despondency. Affection may find no congenial object, or it may be unresponded to, and even unknown. Disparities of rank or years, local remoteness, prudential checks, regretted differences of religious or secular connexion, may repress its indulgence; or death may soon and

fatally break its charm. These, no doubt, are chosen themes of romance; but they are not unworthy of a place in pages dedicated to truth; for the mental pains which they involve are keenly real, and must occur in all grades of society that rise above the lowest form of barbarism.

"Nor is this the only class of privations to which we now refer. From her days of whom Elkanah asked 'why weepest thou?' and the earlier times of the disconsolate Rachel,—how many hearts, in which the maternal pulse was beating with almost predictive warmth, have mourned to be childless: some, no doubt, —though we trust, in these latter days, with submission befitting the heirs of clearer promises,—praying earnestly for the gift deferred; and if it be finally denied, or bestowed only to be resumed, bitter is the disappointed wish, as pure as it was ardent; and yet more keen the stroke by which God 'hath taken away,' what seemed to the parent almost her earthly all.

"Not seldom does more than one of these wants or losses contribute to darken an individual's lot. But let only one such be assigned; and no heart affectionately susceptible will be able to conceal from itself the pain of destitution. Often might we hear, if thought were audible, the secret musing—how would that tender friendship, that treasure of affection which is hopeless or for ever gone, sooth unblameably the cares of life, and sweeten all its comforts; how would it sustain me in griefs and avert my steps from snares, engage me in benevolent and tender duties, excite the happiest thoughts, and quicken the most sacred purposes!

"And there is much general truth in those feelings and expectations. It is quite true that, by the good pleasure of Him who ordaineth our lot, such acquisi-

tions might induce a great diminution of present trial, and a great accession of usefulness and enjoyment. In very many cases, therefore, is it not only allowable but commendable, to seek and to pray for these blessings.

"But yet how true likewise is the adage often repeated by an old divine, and (though it may seem to the inexperienced or inconsiderate a sort of jejune truism) how important also;—'creatures are helpless things without God; for every creature is that, all that, and only that, which He makes it to be.' In applying this maxim to our present subject, we need not suggest those strong or extreme cases, where the most ardent wishes, the most sanguine and even pious hopes, have issued, by the very fulfilment of their aim, in utter and heart-sickening disappointment,—where passionate or deep attachment, apparently mutual, indulged perhaps at the cost of personal sacrifices, or perhaps by procuring such from its object,—has, ere long, been wounded by an unkindness that would have seemed incredible, or has led to spiritual declensions and moral aberrations the most unhappy. Nor need we dwell on those deplorable instances where a child, whose birth or whose recovery was once matter of intense solicitude, has proved no Samuel, but rather like the sons of Eli; piercing a parent's heart with many sorrows. We may advert to facts and circumstances much less melancholy than those, and yet sufficing to mar or disfigure the *ideal;* to rend or soil the faultless, but slight embroideries, with which a creative imagination invests some of life's most genuine pleasures.

"It is affectingly true, that in minds where the capacity to weave this enchanting scenery is greatest, where the woof is of gossamer and its tints are of ethereal glow, there must the contact of reality most

surely disarrange or discolour it. So that the very minds, which feel at times those privations and yearnings of the affections most deeply, may often, after their wishes are favourably realized, be most acutely perceptive and tremblingly sensitive as to the differences between the idea and the substance, the picture and the landscape. The magic tints of the visionary painting did not change ; or the change was but as a variation of loveliness, from spring to autumn, or sunlight to a soothing shade ; but the real landscape must have its days of mistiness, and its hours of tempest. Discoveries and experiences of weakness, the collisions of practical life and fluctuations of daily feeling, misapprehensions to which our weak and limited reason is ever liable, distractions and thwartings of the workday world, infirmities and faults of childhood and of manhood,—all, in short, on which an eloquent writer has founded her impressive testimony that ' Life is not a hymn,'—have been discerned and felt with especial acuteness by some who had endured the deepest previous pain at the delay of those enjoyments which make life *most* poetic. The presentiment or bare suspicion of such deductions, may avail to check the unchastened vehemence both of wishes and regrets.

" Yet many whose emotions we thus would moderate,—nay even the more reflective and foreboding, schooled in the illusions and the pains of life, and thus most wont to take refuge, when joys are denied, in the forethought of probably attendant sorrows,—will doubtless feel and say,—these, after all, are pleas for resignation which serve much more to deject or exacerbate than to satisfy. Besides, there must be fallacy in a view of things which persuades us to acquiesce in foregoing the best and tenderest pleasures, on the

single ground that they are sure to be alloyed and interrupted, if not extinguished, by some contingent pains. On the same ground, the want of liberty, of learning, of competence, of reason, nay perhaps of revelation itself, might be paradoxically pleaded for as a matter of preference.

" Others will add, with an afflictive remembrance of the past—you would console by cheerless possibilities, but I mourn over heart-rending facts. I know by sad retrospect, that the comforts of affection may be enjoyed, without any considerable share of those abatements by which you would detract from their anticipated worth.—This, however, is to imagine, that we would unduly extenuate that worth, or dissuade from the acceptance of such blessings; whereas it is really a quite different aim to remind those from whom Providence withholds them, that these, like all temporal enjoyments, cannot be unmingled.

" But I dismiss these unwelcome themes of consolation. I assume these privations to be as grievous as you sometimes feel them: I grant that they also might, if it pleased the great Arbiter, be so supplied, that there should be no sharp thorns or weighty crosses hidden in the delightful gifts. Yet this very supposition, welcome as it may be to the mind where such hope is warmly cherished, must speedily conduct and compel us towards those highest and final resources for comfort, to which all others are at best but subsidiary. For the more assured we could be, that refined and exquisite earthly gratifications, *if* possessed, or *while* possessed, would for us be unalloyed and untarnished,—the more depressing the thought of their hourly precariousness, of their swift and certain extinction; unless as Christians we attempt—what none

but Christians can afford or dare—to gather comfort in destitution (felt or feared) from the transitoriness of all possession, and pluck, as it were, some leaves of healing from the very nightshade of mortality. If this brief life were all, then truly were its selectest joys and deepest griefs, its hopes, and wants, and desolations but of small account; its most chosen and endeared delights but a poor fugitive decaying all. The pensiveness and refinement which feel and render these most precious, would render them also melancholy treasures. The 'thought of death' which hovers upon all the fairest forms and mutations of nature, and finds a home in every poetic heart, would wear irretrievably a spectral darkness; and we should say to each enjoyment as Herbert to his rose,—the more hopelessly in proportion as it were bright, and sweet, and thornless,—

> 'Thy root is ever in its grave,
> And thou must die.'

"If this life were our all, and known to be so, then indeed to be inconsolable for its whole ascertained penury and wretched mystery were inevitable and just: but it would not be worth the while to sigh over its fleeting variations, its momentary differences or contrasts. We might be well too sad or desperate to weep over the want or loss of pleasures fatally evanescent, which at best could but tantalize and excruciate us with their dying sweetness.

"But when we 'know and are persuaded' that this life is *not* all,—nay, that it is but 'the twilight of our day,' the dim and narrow 'vestibule' of our existence,—then does the very fleeting character of its enjoyments present a pensive source of consolation under the want of them, which, while thus made more impressively conspicuous, is also thus half divested of its

gloom. The boundless radiance of immortality, while it contracts the 'vapour' that 'vanisheth away' into a less hand's-breadth than the prophet saw from Carmel, softens and gilds the 'little cloud' which it diminishes.

"To toil or glide onward through our 'few and evil' days, without the dearest of created blessings to soothe us, is to want that which, were it our all, would be next to nothing to possess, but which, being not all, will be viewed hereafter as next to nothing to have lacked; as the by-gone absence of too little a portion of happiness to miss; a sort of infinitesimal, heretofore subtracted from the sum of endless joy. Inestimable as it might have been 'for a moment,' still would the privation be too momentary to be at all counted in retrospect, if it were not that it must be counted gratefully; since each cross which God appoints us here, however in itself 'unworthy to be compared' or mentioned there, will be seen to have had a high prospective value towards heightening subsequent felicity. The best earthly joys that are withholden, are as grains of gold snatched by a descending angel from life's swift and troubled stream. You mourn that you find them not: but they are stored and combined elsewhere; they shall form those golden vessels of the heavenly sanctuary, whence you may take 'of the fountain of life freely.' For it must never be forgotten, that these wants or losses, which, though indeed but transitory, are often, in our narrow mortal view, protracted as well as severe, have been adapted and designed to fix profoundly in our hearts the unalterable truth,—that Uncreated Good can alone have an original and immutable reality;—to incite our wavering desires after this 'one Good,—that is God;' and convince us that, in the unclouded experience of his everlasting

favour, there is a bliss which infinitely outweighs all joys of finite affection: nay, that the glimpses and prelibations of that bliss, when it shall please Him who 'is Love' to indulge with these the vigilant and waiting spirit, will amply compensate every other privation even *here*. And yet the pain of such privations,—which, so far from being culpable, indicates the strength of benevolent and kindly feeling,—may itself not obscurely intimate, that the God of love will hereafter employ his perfected creatures as reciprocal *media* of those pure joys which must owe their origination, fulness, and perpetuity, to Himself alone. For I strongly dissent from what a few philosophising theologians have appeared to hold,—that the highest and final attainment of bliss in the perfect love of God, will involve the cessation of subordinate affections. To imagine, under whatever colour of devout sublimity, 'that among the blessed in heaven all love of the creature does utterly cease, and is for ever silenced in that region of happiness,' is not only to presume 'above that which is written,' but to wander beyond the region of common sense.

"It is assuredly lawful and right, that we love our fellow beings not only with a love of good-will, but with a love of esteem and complacency as far as they bear and reflect the divine image, and with a love of gratitude as far as they are instrumentally valuable and benevolent towards us; and it is contrary both to all analogy and many scriptural intimations, to suppose that either of these sentiments will be extinct in heaven: nay, that they will not each be multiplied, enhanced, and blissfully animated there. The excellent Shaw seems in like manner to err by an excess of devotional aspiring, when he affirms that 'we shall come to live

upon God and delight in God alone, without any creature;' that 'the holy soul shall feed upon Him singly, live upon Him entirely, be wrapt up in Him wholly;' alleging also, that 'angels delight not in any created comfort,' and that the perfected saints will thus 'equal' them, in being 'abstracted from all created things,' so that the creature 'shall be nothing at all to them or in them.' Much more scriptural and tenable is this devout writer's language when he only censures 'living upon the creature, or a loving of the creature with a *distinct* love;' and adds, 'to taste a sweetness in the creature, and to see a beauty and goodness in it, is our duty: but then it must be the sweetness of God in it, and the goodness of God, which we ought alone to taste and see in it.' The precept is just, though lofty, which he quotes and enforces,—'In a particular being, love the universal Goodness: let the whole world be as the garden of God to you, from which you may drink something of the divine sweetness.' But surely that temper, while fitly suggested as earnestly to be pursued on earth, is likewise the only one revealed to us as subsisting in heaven. When, going beyond this, it is attempted to imagine either 'ministering spirits,' or 'glorified heirs of salvation,' as having reached a further and *absolute* abstraction from the creature, we alter the scriptural notion of their social state of bliss, without any ground to believe that we substitute a state which would be really more perfect or exalted."—*Essays on Christian Encouragement and Consolation, by John Sheppard.*

FINIS.

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